

CHRISTIAN HERALD

JANUARY 1940 ★ TWENTY FIVE CENTS ★



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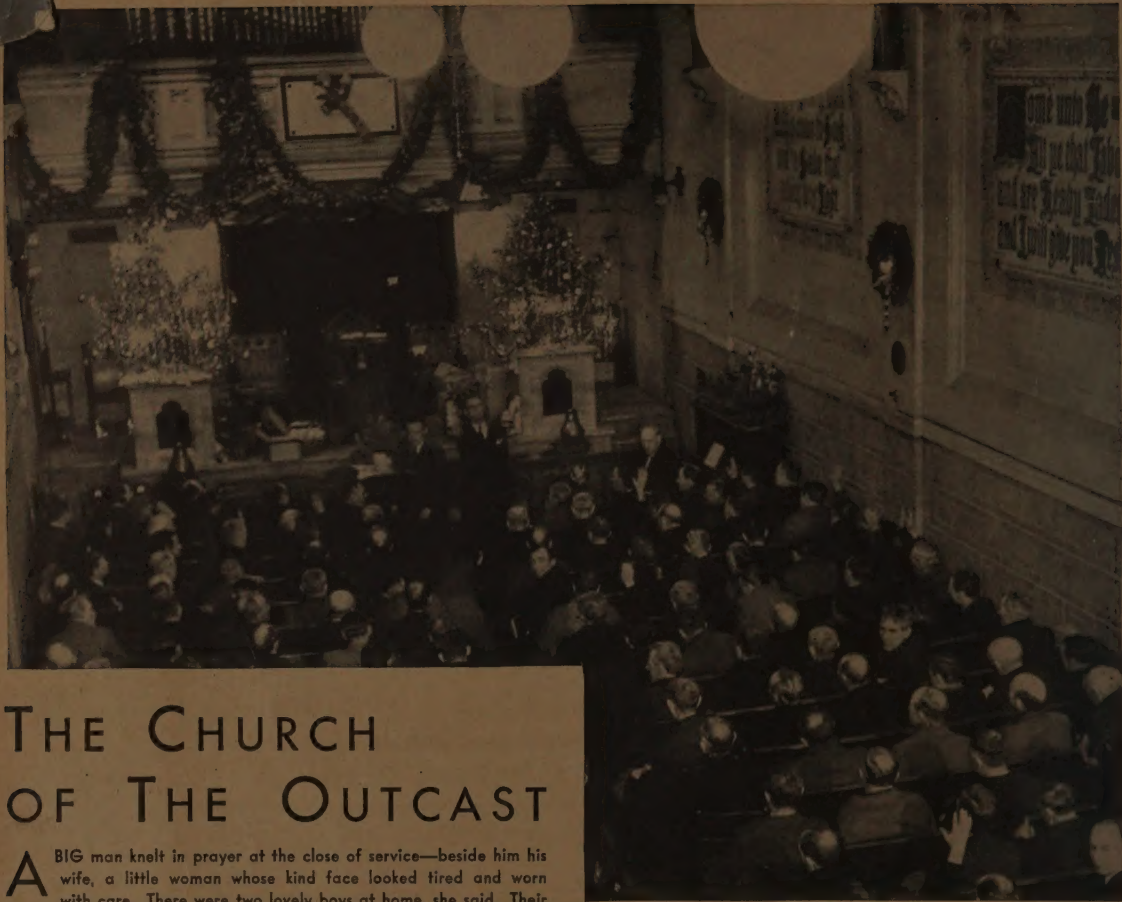
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HOBBIES THAT HELP PEOPLE

by Richard Maxwell

• MARGARET SANGSTER • HONORÉ MORROW • OSCAR JOHNSON •
• ANNA FRENCH JOHNSON

San Francisco
Theological Seminary
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1940-41
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THE CHURCH OF THE OUTCAST

A BIG man knelt in prayer at the close of service—beside him his wife, a little woman whose kind face looked tired and worn with care. There were two lovely boys at home, she said. Their father was a good man when he was sober but all the pleading of wife and sons could not keep him away from the corner saloon. Once a successful business man—now a drunkard who abused his family.

They had no church connection—they were too poor and shabby to go to church, the mother said. Think what that must mean to two little boys growing up in a crowded city. In our Mission Chapel—this father and mother found Christ; they took Him to their home and to their boys. The father has stopped drinking—once more he is back at his work designing and building homes. Drink had destroyed everything he held dear to him—he had struck bottom when his wife brought him to us. Your Bowery Mission, the church of the outcast was God's means of restoring a life and a home—two boys will have a chance to grow up to fine Christian manhood. No longer shabby they all go to church.

The Bowery Mission's Chapel is the shabby man's Church. When he walks down its aisle he feels at home for he is with other shabby men. In serving men of the Bowery we serve men and boys from every state in the Union for the big city lures them all with the hope of getting a job or the belief that there is plenty of money to be had.

Without such missions, without the support of understanding Christians, boys and men are lost—it is not enough to feed them; they must be given spiritual guidance and proof that they can live again as normal men live.

Victims of a habit stronger than their will to cure it, they lose faith in themselves and think they are lost to all decent living. Stripped of all that is decent in life it takes more than human persuasion to make them see that they can be saved from themselves—only a belief in the power of God can do that. The Mission's job would be easy if men knew the strength and comfort of religion.

Neither Government nor local help of any kind makes the work of the Bowery Mission possible—everything we do for men who come to us from all parts of the country is done by the readers of Christian Herald and their friends. Without you these men are lost to sin and its penalties. Without you the jobless man who is far from home goes hungry and sleeps in hidden corners. With luck he may beg enough to pay for a night's lodging, but that's all he will get—we want to reach these men spiritually.

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Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWKY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 8:00 A.M. Today in Europe. International news broadcasts—CBS.
- 9:30 A.M. The Family Man. Friendly philosophy—RED.
- 11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
- 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers—BLUE.
- 3:45 P.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
- 3:45 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
- 5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong. All-American boy adventure serial—RED.
- 6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas news commentator—BLUE.
- 11:00 P.M. News by Paul Sullivan—CBS.
- 11:05 P.M. Events in Europe, analyzed by John Gunther, Hugh Gibson and Baukage—RED.

SUNDAYS

- 9:00 A.M. Today in Europe. Summary of European affairs from London, Paris, Berlin and New York—CBS.
- 9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. A program of religious talks and spirituals presented by outstanding Negro leaders and educators and a choir of thirty-five voices—CBS.
- 10:00 A.M. The Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
- 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Clergymen of every denomination deliver devotional addresses—CBS.
- 10:45 A.M. Smiling Ed McConnell, jovial singing philosopher—BLUE.
- 11:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Progress in music education among high school students—RED.
- 12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
- 12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. World-famous choir singing religious music—CBS.
- 12:30 P.M. On Your Job. Vocational guidance program—RED.
- 1:00 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry, honoring American poets—BLUE.
- 2:00 P.M. NBC String Symphony. Frank Black conducting—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. Description of the working of the American government—CBS.
- 2:30 P.M. So You Think You Know Music. Musical quiz program—CBS.
- 3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Deems Taylor, commentator—CBS.
- 4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
- 4:30 P.M. The Pursuit of Happiness. Dedicated to the brighter side of the American scene—CBS.
- 4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatization program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
- 5:15 P.M. Chats About Dogs. Bob Becker presenting news of dogdom—RED.
- 5:30 P.M. Metropolitan Opera. Auditions of the Air—BLUE.
- 7:00 P.M. International news broadcast—CBS.
- 7:30 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Serial exposing rackets—BLUE.
- 9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Jan. 7, Franco Ghione, conducting, balance of Jan., Victor Kolar, conducting. Outstanding soloist as guest star each week—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. The Haenschen Concert orchestra—RED.
- 10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Educational feature heard in 150,000 classrooms throughout the country—CBS.
- 12:30 P.M. Religion and the New World. Dr. Joseph Sizoo—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussion of works of outstanding authors—BLUE.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
- 4:00 P.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Alexander von Kreisler, regular conductor—begins Jan. 29—CBS.
- 4:00 P.M. Curtis Institute of Music. Fritz Reiner conducting, Jan. 1, 8, 15, and 22—CBS.
- 7:15 P.M. Science on the March. F. R. Moulton—BLUE.
- 8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Spears; symphonic orchestra—RED.
- 10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program. Orchestra direction Josef Pasternack, soloists—RED.
- 10:30 P.M. Columbia Concert Hall—CBS.

TUESDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
- 12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Gallant American Women. Contribution which women have made to the culture of America—BLUE.
- 2:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, Joe Emerson, conductor—RED.
- 9:00 P.M. We, the People. Gabriel Heatter interviews unusual personalities—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. Meet Edward Weeks. Editor of the Atlantic Monthly explores world of letters with guest speakers—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
- 12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
- 1:30 P.M. Let's Talk It Over, with June Hynd—RED. (Also Friday.)
- 2:00 P.M. Music for Young Listeners. Educational feature—BLUE.
- 4:30 P.M. Highways to Health. The New York Academy of Medicine arranges talks for laymen—CBS.
- 9:00 P.M. Radio Guild. Oldest dramatic organization in broadcasting—BLUE.
- 10:30 P.M. Adventures in photography. Episodes in history of photography—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

- 9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. Tales from far and near—CBS.
- 12:30 P.M. Timeless Truths Made Timely. Dr. Christopher Jeffares McCombe—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Ideas that Came True. Development of American ideas and ideals—BLUE.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
- 8:00 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic sketch of family life—RED.
- 8:00 P.M. Ask-It-Basket. A quiz show with Jim McWilliams—CBS.
- 9:00 P.M. Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Jose Iturbi—BLUE.
- 9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Educational public forum—BLUE.
- 10:30 P.M. Americans at Work. Authentic and colorful accounts of many jobs in American life—CBS.

FRIDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling—RED.
- 1:45 P.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs. Consumer's research—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch—BLUE.
- 7:30 P.M. Yesterday's Children. Favorite stories of childhood dramatized—BLUE.
- 7:30 P.M. Professor Quiz, with Bob Trout and contestants—CBS.
- 8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manners, soprano, Frank Black, conducting—RED.
- 10:30 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

- 10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for youngsters—RED.
- 10:45 A.M. The Child Grows Up. Talks by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
- 11:05 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Jan. 6 and 13, CBS. Philharmonic Young People's Concert, Jan. 20, CBS; New England Conservatory of Music, Jan. 27, CBS.
- 11:15 A.M. Smiling Ed McConnell, singing philosopher—RED.
- 11:30 A.M. Hilda Hope. M.D. Realistic incidents in the life of a woman doctor—RED.
- 12:30 P.M. The Call To Youth. Dr. Alfred Grant Walton—RED.
- 1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to the nation's philatelists—RED.
- 1:25 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Matinees—BLUE.
- 6:30 P.M. What's Art To Me? Drama, talks and interviews about contemporary art—CBS.
- 6:45 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk—RED.
- 7:00 P.M. International News Broadcast—CBS.
- 7:30 P.M. People's Platform. Lyman Bryson, chairman of Columbia's Adult Education Board, entertains four Americans at dinner and discusses with them current problems—CBS.
- 7:30 P.M. Art For Your Sake. Talks and interviews about the best in art—RED.
- 8:30 P.M. Youth versus Age. Quiz show, between opposing teams of parents and their children—BLUE.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

ECHOES of the happy past are being captured in the dramatizations of the favorite childhood books of today's famous men and women in a weekly series titled, "Yesterday's Children." Conceived by Dorothy Gordon, long identified with children's programs, the broadcasts will deal with the favorite books of such widely diversified personalities as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Bing Crosby, Conrad Nagel and Cecil B. DeMille. Whenever possible the man or woman whose favorite story is being presented, is at the broadcast to be interviewed by Miss Gordon. (Fridays 7:30 to 8:00 p.m.—NBC-Blue.)

RICHARD MAXWELL has recently welcomed the 100th chapter of his Good Neighbor Club—just one year after he inaugurated a nationwide drive by awarding charter Number 1 to a group of five Brooklyn, N. Y. girls. But the tenor-philosopher is not satisfied. He wants 200 additional clubs in action across the country by December, 1940. Groups embrace business men as well as housewives, little children and high school students, and range from thousands of persons to families of three. One club concentrates on work with shut-ins; another with homes for homeless infants; forty-four Florida men are foster-fathers to an orphan boy. Scores of appeals from cities and hamlets, not covered by any of the existing clubs, mount daily on Maxwell's desk.

CBS has followed NBC's lead and instituted an art program designed to appeal to the average layman. This one, "What's Art To Me?," attempts to show how the modern art movement reaches and influences all aspects of modern life and culture. (Saturdays, 6:30 to 6:45 p.m., CBS.)



© Pan-American Airways

Above is one of the Pan-American "Clipper" airships, and below another at the dock in Lisbon, from which Mrs. Morrow flew



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré
Morrow

Safe... As HOUSES



I HAD made up my mind that my daughter, Penn, and I would make our annual visit to the United States just as if there were no war. So about a fortnight ago, I began to look for ship-reservations. I had been told that there would be one or two American ships leaving England during early December but that owing to the neutrality laws there would be no more while the war lasted. This meant we would be obliged to leave earlier than was really convenient but the only sort of ship which looked good to Penn and me at the moment was an American so we threw ourselves into getting ready and I called up Mr. Boulton, the travel agent who always takes care of our trips, big or small and asked him to make our reservations.

"But," said Mr. Boulton, "the very last American ship sailed yesterday. You must choose some other neutral boat. How about a Dutch Ship?"

"No," I protested, "the Germans may invade Holland, any minute, and when that happens, a Dutch ship becomes a belligerent ship and I'd be scared to death!"

"Well, what do you say to an Italian liner," asked my patient agent, "sailing from Genoa?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "that sounds interesting. I suppose it wouldn't be too difficult to get to Genoa."

"It's just a little complicated," Mr. Boulton replied. "You have in any case to get a permit to leave England, but that's no trouble. You must have your passport, your police registration book, your war identification card and your ration book. Then you must fill in the proper forms, explaining why you are here and why you are leaving, etc., and that's all."

"This is what I do, just for England?" I gasped.

"Yes, but this can be done by correspondence. But to get a permit to cross France, you and your daughter must go to London and see the French authorities there in person. You must also get a permit to cross Switzerland and Italy." Mr. Boulton's voice was non-committal.

"I see," said I. "Well, definitely, I shall take a ship leaving an English port."

"Very well! Then why not take an English ship? Your old favorites sail regularly with a convoy of war-ships and they are as safe as houses. I'd advise my own wife to go in one of them," said Mr. Boulton.

"Would you!" I was tempted. I hemmed and I hawed and talked with Penn and then told the agent we'd risk it and that he was to make reservations for us at once.

He did so and we made plans to get off in the middle of December. In the meantime, I wrote to Mr. Wolcott, our American Consul at Plymouth, and told him when and how we were sailing. His reply was to quote a paragraph from the new American neutrality law to the effect that an American citizen who traveled on a belligerent vessel without special permission from his diplomatic or consular authorities, was liable to a fine of \$10,000 or to imprisonment for two years or both! He did not offer to give me permission and I didn't think I'd put my case to the test, by asking him to do so. I went sadly to the telephone and called Mr. Boulton, to tell him to cancel our sailings.

He was not downhearted. "Would you consider flying by an American airship?" he asked. "Expensive but safe as houses."

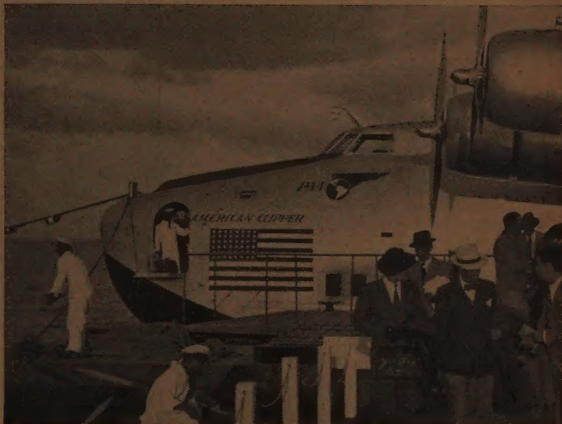
"Where does one board the airship?" was my query, vague memories troubling me. Was it France where the Clippers were landing? And I'd never flown. Suddenly the U. S. seemed very remote.

"Lisbon—in Portugal," Mr. Boulton said, with a slight rising inflection.

I didn't say anything for so long that Mr. Boulton inquired "Are you there?"

"I think so," I replied, doubtfully. "How does one get to Lisbon?"

"Well, of course, one crosses France and Spain, into Portugal, by train. I could



write up to the London office and get you all details." He sounded quite hopeful.

The idea of crossing France and Switzerland to Genoa had appalled me. Surely crossing war-wrecked Spain would be even more difficult. I hesitated—and was lost. What an adventure! "Yes, write for particulars," I said, "and make reservations."

"Very good," sighed Mr. Boulton.

I went into Penn's room. "We're going to fly to America," I told her, trying to be as casual as Mr. Boulton.

Her eyes got huge. "Are you trying to be funny?" she enquired.

I shook my head and explained. Her eyes began to dance. "How perfectly gorgeous!" she exclaimed. "How much luggage can we take?" (Penn always travels with the maximum of baggage, trunk, bags, parcels, skis, what-not.)

"We'll find out. And how to get to Lisbon. That's what troubles me, getting from London to Lisbon," I told her.

"How big a trunk I can carry is what bothers me," was Penn's retort.

That was three days ago. This morning Mr. Boulton telephoned details and particulars. I can't remember all of them. He is going to write them out for me. We go up to London for our French travel permit. From London to Paris by Imperial Airways. Our bank must get us about twenty shillings in French money. By train to the Spanish frontier where each must show small-pox vaccination certificates to Spanish officials. (Penn has never been vaccinated since "it" didn't take in her babyhood.) Must have about forty shillings in Spanish money as we

(Continued on page 64)

To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have the constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what Fulton Oursler, editor of Liberty, has to say on the subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today—and especially in Liberty Magazine—than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



"I am able to live on the money I earn by writing, and it is not yet ten months since I began the course! Until a few months after beginning study with you I had never had a line published. What more can I say for a course which has enabled me to earn a livelihood by the most congenial work I have ever done?" John N. Ottum, Jr., Box 95, Lisbon, N. D.

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STEINBECK'S BOOKS

What do you think of "Grapes of Wrath" and "Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck?

"GRAPES of Wrath" and "Of Mice and Men," by the same author, are of a kind. They capitalize on indecency. They dirty the mind. The former prostitutes a worthy cause; also it is factually incorrect. "Of Mice and Men" is putrid. Definitely unsocial, it is suggestive of nameless perversions. Somebody must have been smoking marijuana cigarettes.

AS TO GEN. HUGH JOHNSON

General Johnson seems to be another American who has received the applause of the German press. Does this not suggest that he had better change his direction?

NOT necessarily. A man today must continue to speak his convictions—and the General always does that! Certainly not all that he has said is pleasant reading for Mr. Hitler. Also, you and I may not agree with the General at all times—but we are never uncertain about what he means!

NO, NOT PRESUMPTUOUS

Do you not think that the Pope was presumptuous in addressing a message to the American Nation? Why should the leader of a particular faith presume to do this?

THE Pope's message, which received of course a national reading, was addressed to the bishops of his Church. It was a five-thousand word document and dealt with many matters, including domestic, economic and social affairs. The Pope was well within his rights, and indeed within his duty, when he did so. As Protestants, we may or may not agree with what he had to say, but he was bound to say it since he believes it and since he is the responsible head of the Roman Catholic Church.

There are intimations, at least in this message to the bishops, that diametrically oppose the American principle of separation of Church and State. In such mat-

ters we Protestants and the overwhelming majority of all American citizens beg leave to differ. We shall do well to remain on the alert.

"COSMIC LIGHT"

Do you believe that cosmic light is gradually destroying all evil things—weeds, harmful insects, diseases, etc? And what do you think of the "I Am" movement, and of Christ speaking through its leader?

I DO not believe that cosmic light is gradually destroying all evil. There is only one destruction from sin. I feel about the movement referred to exactly as I feel about a hundred or more other similar cults. Nor do I believe that Christ speaks through the founder, as is affirmed.

WE MUST REMAIN NONCOMBATANT

Are you not in danger of being seriously misunderstood in what you have written about neutrality? You say we cannot be neutral, but surely we must not get into war.

I MAY be misunderstood, but there is no reasonable foundation for the misunderstanding. Where evil is involved—justice, persecution, intolerance, tax upon freedom and religion—there neutrality is sin. The President has truly said we cannot be neutral in our thinking. And equally true it is "To think is to be." Non-combatant is the right word. We are not and must not, to the last, be a combatant.

SHALL WE EMBARGO JAPAN?

Do you think that a new trade treaty should be negotiated with Japan, as proposed by Senator Borah and others? Or that an embargo should be declared on all war materials, including scrap iron; and that, as proposed by the Foreign Relations Committee, this action should be taken under the Nine Power Treaty which Japan has violated?

I DO not favor the proposal of Senator Borah, as I understand it—and I do favor the embargo as proposed by the

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Foreign Relations Committee, or as I understand the Foreign Relations Committee's proposal. Japan has violated the Nine Power Treaty. Japan has invaded China, has destroyed and is ruthlessly destroying Chinese life and property. The United States has continued to supply Japan with the absolutely essential war materials for this tragic invasion. It is a shame upon us! We should stop.

FOR A DAY OF PRAYER

Do you believe in an Inter-faith Day of Prayer, or that representatives of all faiths—Catholic, Jewish and Protestant—should unite for a great prayer observance? Does this not definitely subordinate or compromise our Protestant and Missionary Day of Prayer?

I CERTAINLY believe in such a united observance. Nor do I believe that it would compromise our Protestant and Missionary World Day of Prayer. Without prejudice to our particular faiths, we may unite our hearts in prayer for such common objectives as peace, tolerance, and a growing appreciation of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Indeed, such a united observance would strengthen and enrich the prayer life of individual members of each faith. Certainly the united observance should not take the place of our particular programs. The Protestant Day of Prayer—and this day would not in any be disturbed—with its emphasis upon missions, is and would continue to be the primary emphasis of Protestant churches.

PENNSYLVANIA'S AUTOMOBILE LAW

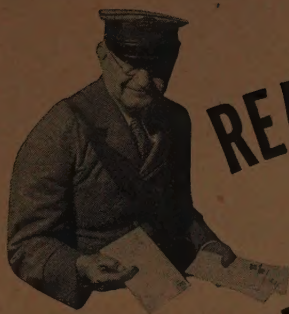
You have commended Pennsylvania's state automobile law. Is there anything in the figures to justify your opinion?

PENNSYLVANIA'S death toll was 735 lower in the first ten months of 1938 than in 1937. It dropped from 2,064 to 1,329. Also, sales in state liquor states are estimated by the Liquor Control Board, at from five million to six million dollars less in 1938 than 1937. I wonder whether there may be any connection?

Pennsylvania has a speed limit of fifty miles an hour. It is enforced absolutely.

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REMARKABLE What a Little REGULAR INCOME Will Do!



• *Maybe it
merely supple-
ments irregular
earnings
Maybe it's just the dif-
ference between peace of
mind and frequent worry
Maybe it's all there is to protect
old age*

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This Writing Business

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE editor of *Christian Herald* and I ate luncheon together a few days ago, and—between bites—we talked busily of plans and ideas for the coming twelve issues of the magazine. It was only natural that during the course of our talk we should fall into a discussion of the young people who make up such a vast percentage of the subscription list. The young people who—like young people the world over—are weighed down with problems, and bubbling over with questions. For in this changing world it is the young people—untrained in the ways of compromise—who are most eager and most bewildered.

"Do many of these young folks write to you?" queried the editor. "Personal letters, I mean, which ask for advice and guidance?"

I nodded in agreement. "I have quite a few letters," I told him briefly, "and almost *without exception* they ask for advice and guidance."

The editor hesitated. "What," he brought out finally, "do most of them want to know?"

I meditated for a moment, but it was a very short moment, as my mind raced back across fifty, perhaps a hundred, wistful little notes. And then I again made answer.

"They want to know about the future," I said. "Not the future of the nation or of the universe, but their *own* future. They ask, 'When I leave school or college, shall I be a doctor or an author or a

preacher? Shall I get married, and if I do will I—' this is a boy's question—'be able to earn enough to support a wife and family. . . . Or will I—' this is a girl's question—'have to keep on working and share the expenses of a home?' . . . They ask, 'How do I prepare myself to be an artist or a certified public accountant or a secretary or a nurse?' They ask—"I broke off in dismay. "Why did you get me started on this?" I groaned.

The editor looked wise. "Because," he said, "I think we should do something about it. Something tangible—something more than just replying to letters. I think we should have articles in *Christian Herald* that will answer a few of the questions."

"I agree with you," I nodded.

He smiled. "Let's begin with the January issue," he said to me. "You can start the ball rolling by telling them what it takes to be an author—"



For You

IF YOU, who are on the brink of earning a living or founding a home, have any especial problems concerning your future, I would be glad to have you tell me about them, and I would be equally glad—if possible—to contribute a certain amount of practical advice . . . From time to time I will give you articles that feature those professions which interest the largest proportion of you, and I promise that I will go to someone who is high up in that profession for my information!

M. E. S.

I was aghast. More than that, I was embarrassed.

"But," I murmured finally, "wouldn't it seem a trifle—presumptuous?"

The editor leaned toward me across the luncheon table.

"Not at all," he said. "I suppose the writing business has as many fixed rules as any other business. Of course—" he sighed here, and I echoed his sigh, "it takes something more than the desire to be a writer to—be one. But even talented people have probably failed because they didn't know the tricks of the trade."

Once more I nodded in agreement, but vehemently—and so this article was born. In it I will attempt to tell some of the do's and don'ts that a writer should observe. There are exceptions to each rule, of course—many exceptions! And I want you to realize that I speak only from the most personal of personal experience. . . .

In the first place it's necessary to have a certain amount of talent if you're going to be a professional writer. The people who send me letters filled with the burning wish to become an author (and they aren't all of them young people, either!) should weigh carefully their qualifications. The fact that you've lost a job or that you have suddenly become a shut-in, does not mean that you can immediately compose the great American novel. Economic pressure and necessity are spurs, of course—but there must be some sort of a steed upon which to use those spurs! If you can, by your written word, provoke laughter, or tears, if you can describe a sunset so that the sunset lives, you have the gift that is necessary. If you can't do these things, it's better to find a different medium of expression. (Turn to page 58)



News Digest of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

ABROAD

THE WAR: All the world save Russia hoped it wouldn't happen—and now Russia has brought it about: the Soviet armies are locked in battle with the Finns. What may go down in history as the most cold-blooded and unwarranted aggression in the history of modern times has just been staged in the swift, fiendish bombings of Helsingfors, the "White City of the North."

As we write the Finns are making a strong bid for the admiration of a sickened world by their gallant stand against terrible odds. It is hard to see, right now, how Finland can possibly win; she has a population of four millions as against a Russian population of one hundred and eighty millions; she has a trained army of some 200,000 against the Soviet's *twelve million*, and an air force of 200 planes against Stalin's 8,000. That's just too much.

FIGHTING FINNS: Russian ships are reported sunk by the fire of Finnish land batteries off the coast. A Soviet force of 1,000 men is reported destroyed at Terijoki; in a blinding snowstorm a force of 40,000 is holding off, as we write, a 70,000-strong Red Army. The terrain aids the Finn in his guerilla warfare; that country, geographically, will be hard to conquer. Its people, patriotically, will sign on the dotted line no quicker than the Czechs have signed. But once the enormous mass of Russian reserves is brought into the line, it seems to us only a matter of time until Finland must suffer the fate of poor Poland. Every decent-minded man the world around hopes against it, but hope is one thing and battles are another.

This struggle for independence against Russia is nothing new for Finland. Swedish for hundreds of years before Czarist Russia took the country over in 1809, Finland resisted the invader passively until the Bolshevik revolution broke in 1917, when she seized her opportunity and declared herself free. Reds and Whites fought all over Finland, with Germany helping the Whites to win. Later (1932) a Russo-Finnish non-aggression pact was signed and two years back it was extended to 1945. But that was only a treaty, on a scrap of paper.

REPERCUSSIONS: Now Soviet invasion will have repercussions in three directions: on Finland, on Russia, on Europe and particularly on the European

Balkans. So far as the great Russian dream is concerned—the Communistic dream of a world-wide economic Utopia—the world can forget it. However the war in Finland comes out, that ideal is gone for good and forever. The Russian world-party is shattered; world Communism has committed suicide and "Communistic" Russia is no more. Russia has at last come frankly out into the open as a military aggressor with her hope pinned, like Germany's, on a philosophy of brute force and a program of power politics.

NOBODY CAN HELP: All Europe is worried about that. Sweden, Norway and Denmark, any one of which may be next in line in the path of the big bear, are mobilizing. Britain, chief consumer of Finland's exports, is properly indignant—but in no position to help Finland. Germany, who taught Russia how to do it, now stands as much in danger as any other nation in Europe, and there is already talk of Hitler's seeking an alliance—anywhere, with anybody—to hold back the Frankenstein he himself has created. Italy, once a pro-German state, is aroused by the Russian march, realizing that her influence in the Balkans is at stake. The Balkans tremble; Rumania wonders when Bessarabia, taken from Russia after the World War, will fall into the maw of the bear; and many another Balkan state dreads the revival of the old Pan-Slavism, which might easily set the whole region afire. And President Roosevelt protests from Washington and talks of a "moral embargo" against Russia. But how much will that help a country in Finland's position?

The worst of this situation is that while the whole world is revolted against the Russian aggressor, that while we may shake our heads over the awful plight of the only country in Europe that paid her war debts, we can do nothing whatever to help. We're all like a kindly neighbor watching the man next door die of cancer: all we can do is to stand by and watch it, though we'd do almost anything to help, if we only could!

IN THE WEST: Meanwhile the war between the swastika and the Union Jack goes merrily (?) on. A new menace has appeared: mines. Magnetic mines, floating mines, mines at the very mouth of the Thames, dropped on parachutes from German planes; tying up the Thames for twenty-four hours and providing for Brit-

ain a deadly riddle not yet solved. We say it is a new menace, but that may need qualification. In the last World War Germany built 123 mine-laying submarines, capable of carrying forty to fifty mines a trip; it is known that last summer they built the biggest mine-laying sub in the history of sea warfare, and England knew all about it. The only new wrinkle here is that the mines are magnetic, and it is highly possible that England will soon work out a defense against that. Depolarization is an old scientific art.

U-BOAT DANGER LESSENED: Sinkings by submarines have dropped significantly; it may be that the Allies have conquered the U-boat. Or it may be that it is cheaper for Germany to do her sinking with mines instead of with subs. At any rate, the British and French convoy systems, worked out twenty years ago, seem to be taking their supply ships safely into port. The pinch of hunger is not yet felt in London or Paris; food and supplies are slipping past the sub and the magnetic mine in sufficient quantities to keep the morale of the Frenchman and the Englishman at high pitch. But nothing much is slipping through into Germany, past the British and French blockades. Some authorities estimate that at least forty-five per cent of Germany's supplies are cut off; one foreign correspondent this month claims it runs as high as seventy-five per cent.

There's nothing to report from the Maginot line except a few dog-fights in the air, and that the British troops are listening every day to radio reports of cricket matches in England, and the Germans are playing skat and football behind the Siegfried Line. The greatest danger here, to both sides, is not from shell fire but from ennui.

ENGLAND RETALIATES: In retaliation for the magnetic-mine menace, King George sat down in his palace last month and signed an "Order in Council" which put an embargo on German exports: it authorized British sea forces to search all ships carrying German goods to neutral ports. Immediately protests from the neutrals piled up at Whitehall: from the Netherlands and Belgium, from Italy, Norway, Sweden, Japan. Japan's was loudest, for Japan has desperate need of German help right now, bogged down as she is in China. Netherland's protest must have touched Britain; a considerable part



Will he be ready for the job?

of Dutch shipping is devoted to the re-shipping of German goods, and it is estimated that one Dutchman out of every three depends for a livelihood on the schedules of the ships out of Hamburg. Italy will be struck hard, too, for the Order in Council speaks of stopping ships at Gibraltar, which means that no German goods will get away through Italian ports.

Thus, they have both settled down to the slow job of starving each other out. To the layman it would appear that England and France, still ruling the seas, have a better chance of winning here than the Germans have. The Germans made it hard for England with their U-boat blockade in 1917, but they didn't win. The British blockade, on the other hand, had more than a little to do with cracking German morale in 1918, and possibly it won the war for the Allies. It may happen again.

ALL OVER AGAIN: As a matter of fact, everything that happened in World War I seems to be happening all over again, with little variation, in World War II. Out of all the millions of words printed weekly on this most recent European shambles, this editor has been most impressed with one little paragraph which appeared in *Harpers* recently. It goes thus: "There won't be anything really new in this war. . . . It'll all bog down presently into a lot of dirty infantrymen facing one another across a hundred yards of shell-churned blood-mud, and it will go on until the money for wheat gives out—and then it will stop and no one will have won because everyone will have lost again and the cemeteries will be full of dead youth once more, and the hospitals full of wrecks, and Europe will be so bankrupt that the show won't open again for another thirty years." That, say we, is saying something and saying it well.

CHINA: Nanning is a Chinese river port near the border of French Indo-China, boasting of some 67,000 inhabi-

itants, and, in peace-time, of a lucrative trade in opium and anise seed. Since war came to China, however less and less opium and anise and more and more arms, munitions and vital military supplies have passed through the port. A truck road has been built from Nanning to nearby French Hanoi; it linked China with the world outside.

Now the Japanese have captured Nanning, thus severing a vital connection of China with her sources of supply; through that city came easily seventy per cent of China's trade with the French. The only road left open now to Chiang Kai-shek is the long, tedious one winding into Burma, which is British; and a railroad from Hanoi into Yunnan. The Japanese may cut these before this ink is dry; if they do, China will be cut off from the outside world almost completely; her only outlet, or inlet, then, will be through Soviet Russia, which to say the least is not a very good one. All of which does not look so good, for China.

CAN THEY STILL WIN? But China is not conquered yet. Working with feverish speed, twenty-four hours a day, she is rapidly developing resources within her own borders, building and running at full speed her own arsenals and arms factories, in an effort to make herself self-sustaining in what will certainly be a long war.

We've said before, in this column, that in our judgment China would win. We still feel that way, in spite of Nanning. It isn't wishful thinking; it is a judgment based on the historical evidence found everywhere in Cathay, that China has more endurance-power than any other single nation in the world. Right now it looks black; but if the truth were known, it probably looks blacker in Tokyo than it does in Nanning.

RUMANIA: To return to Europe (who can stay away from Europe, these days?) to neutral Europe, it appears that the news from Rumania is worth a second

reading. Since the outbreak of the War, the Balkan and the Danubian States have talked much of sticking together; of remaining a strong neutral block. The month brought a rude blow to all that in the selection of George Tatarescu as Rumanian Premier.

Poet and playwright, Tatarescu was once Ambassador to France; Carol brought him home because he was too pro-French! That was in the days when Carol was deciding about going pro- or anti-Nazi; with Tatarescu appointed Premier, it looks as if Rumania had crossed the Rubicon and thrown in with the Allies. For Tatarescu is fiercely anti-German, a deadly foe of the pro-Nazi Iron Guards.

France hails the news with unconcealed glee; Germany is disturbed, and mad; Italy, worried over maintaining her grip of influence in the Balkans, fears the worst. If Rumania were to get into trouble with Germany or Russia, Italy would almost surely be compelled to fight—on the side of England. Adding tinder to the blaze was the news that thirty-six brand new British Blenheim bombers have been delivered in Bucharest.

Rumania is in a bad spot. Germany, Russia, Hungary and Bulgaria are all clamoring for Rumanian wheat and oil and even for Rumanian territory. Efforts will be made to settle it all peacefully; if those efforts succeed there will be at least another winter of peace in the Balkans, but if they fail. . . .?

INDIA: There was war on the banks of the Indus last month. Moslem is fighting Hindu. Six Moslems and five Hindus have fallen in a battle at Sukkur-Sind. It is the first of many battles to follow, say both Moslems and Hindus. It is fresh evidence, says heckled Great Britain, that "India, once freed, would destroy herself in civil war."

The Moslems, a minority group (less than one fourth the total population in India,) are led by the determined Mahomed Ali Jinnah, who is probably the most active force for dis-unity in all disgruntled India. Born a Hindu, converted to Islam, he has been a nationalist and a "communist," once a staunch supporter of the Indian National Party, and now an even more zealous supporter of the All-India Moslem League. He wants independence—for Moslems first, all India second. Jinnah actively curries British favor; he says he'd rather be controlled by England than be at the mercy of the Hindus.

Opposing him are Nehru and Gandhi, arch-Hindu patriots, who seek to throw off the British yoke for all India and not parts of it. They want that now. Says Gandhi: "If Britain fights for the maintenance of democracy, she must necessarily end imperialism in her own possessions and establish full democracy in India."

But India, even to an ardent anti-Britisher, does not seem ready for full democracy. It is the most inharmonious of Britain's territories. The writer was in India a few months ago, and brought out of it one firm conclusion: all Indians seem to want "independence," but not one in ten thousand of them knows what they would do with it once they got it, nor who might rule them, nor who might step in, as suddenly as Russia has stepped into

Finland, to give them a far worse rule than Britain's. Our guess is that there will be no "full democracy" for India during the war, and probably not after it.

CUBA: The wisecracks say Batista is slipping. They point to the election just called by the Cuban Corporal to select delegates for a Constituent Assembly which is to draft a new Cuban Constitution. The count gave Batista's opposition forty-one seats, a clear majority.

Batista is smarting under that defeat; he is talking of challenging ten of the Opposition's seats on ground of legal technicalities. His friends say the opposition won not because the people disliked the genial Strong Man, but because they always blame hard times on the administration—and they have been having fairly hard times of late. At any rate, Batista has given Cuba one of the most fairly conducted elections it has had since he came to power, and he may eventually profit by that. But watch this Cuban pot; it's about ready to boil over.

AT HOME

WASHINGTON: By the time you read this you'll probably know whether or not your 1940 tax bill will ask you for more or for less, insofar as national taxes are concerned. Indications are that there will be no additional taxes. The President has hinted at it; good Pat Harrison, who is in a way to know, said on the White House steps the other day, "Government receipts are making such a showing as to gladden our hearts. . . . It may be that we can get along without a tax bill." And shortly after that affable speech the President stole the limelight again with an announcement that he was slashing a cool billion from proposed expenditures in the budget for next year.

What nobody has said yet is that 1940 is an election year, and new taxes at a time like that mean just plain political suicide for whoever makes them. But we live in hope!

CHRYSLER: After one of the longest strikes of the year (ten days longer, indeed, than the 1937 General Motors strike) the assembly line at the Chrysler plant is moving again, and some 50,000 auto builders are back at work. They say they have won the strike; the owners say they won. Let's see:

What the strikers demanded was (1) wage increase of ten cents an hour; (2) a union shop; (3) a system of arbitration and (4) a voice in fixing production schedules. What they got was (1) a wage increase of 3 cents an hour; (2) no union shop; (3) a joint-appeals board to handle grievances; (4) no voice in regulating production and (5) sit-down and stay-in strikes are to be banned herewith by the union.

So you'll get that new Chrysler delivered on time, unless the union suddenly decides to try again—which it very possibly will, sooner or later.

HATS: Mr. Dewey of New York threw his hat in the ring just as we sat down to write this. Mr. Dewey is thirty-

seven, and therefore probably one of the youngest men ever to toss the hat thus. He is off now on a speaking-tour, in states that look like Republican happy hunting grounds in 1940. He will avoid Michigan; Michiganders, he says eloquently, should instruct their delegates for Vandenberg, a native son who still lives there, instead of for his own flashy self, who moved to New York in his bid for fame.

Vandenberg has long since tossed in his topper, basing his claim on his legislative record. Robert Taft has been throwing straws into the wind for months. Taft-Dewey-Vandenberg; that's the Republican lineup so far. Among the Democrats, McNutt is the only active campaigner to date, but Senator Wheeler of Montana has his Stetson in his hand, and it wouldn't take much persuasion to make him throw it. Then there is "Cactus Jack" Garner, fisherman from dry Texas, and Secretary Hull, one of the most popular men in the whole New Deal administration.

All these Democrats, however, find themselves stymied by the smiling President in the White House, who has them all (along with the Republicans) on tenterhooks, refusing to say whether or no he chooses to run. The President let go a trial balloon from Warm Springs, when he suggested that the national conventions of both parties be held henceforth in late July or mid-August instead of in June. If he could just make his own Democrats do that, he would force the Republicans to convene first, and that would be a great advantage. That's why the Republicans immediately began taking pot-shots at the balloon, aided by the anti-third-term Democrats, who see Roosevelt's chances of nomination increased by the delay. By the middle of July the war in Europe may be at its height, and an emergency appeal to the voters not to "change horses in the middle of the stream" would react in favor of Roosevelt. Hence, the opposition.

Perhaps it isn't time, yet, for us to get excited about any of the hats in the ring. We still have ten months to go before we go to the polls.

CLEVELAND: Cleveland squirms in the toils of another relief crisis. Out in front are protest meetings, accusations of mismanagement and cruelty due to over-ambitious leaders. But behind the scenes lurks the real cause of the crisis: politics.

It is really a conflict between rural and city opinion on matters of State obligation to help out in metropolitan relief, and legal disputes over division of relief monies. Last summer the state legislature set up a \$24,000,000 program; out of that sum the cities of Ohio got only thirty-seven per cent. Thus, other cities than Cleveland were affected. Toledo gave up regular relief distribution three months ago; Youngstown has cut its standards until the relief worker's load is now 250

Mayor Burton of Cleveland calls for one million dollars just to finish out 1939, to say nothing of 1940. He is in conflict with Governor John W. Bricker over the calling of a special session of the legislature to provide additional state funds, but the Governor, with an eye on dark-horse Presidential possibilities and unwilling to show anything but a surplus in the State

treasury for 1939, has refused to call the session. Meanwhile the hungry wait!

TRADE AGREEMENTS: You'll be hearing a lot about foreign trade before the winter is over. Particularly you'll be hearing about the trade treaties made under the Trade Agreements Act of 1934 which expires next June 12.

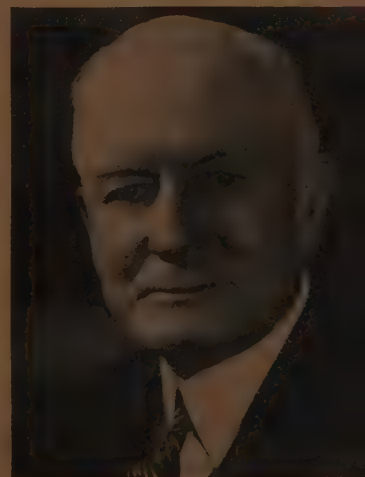
Under that Act, whose purpose it is to "expand foreign markets for the products of the United States," the President is enabled to negotiate trade agreements with foreign countries *without* the advice and consent of the Senate. Last spring, on the Act's fifth birthday, it was claimed by the State Department that sixty-eight per cent of American foreign trade was governed by such agreements, and that an upset or change in the Act would disrupt American trade, industry, mining and agriculture.

Nevertheless, the President's opposition wants to change it, so that he may have a little "dictatorial" power as possible. Secretary Hull defends the Act, saying that the wild disorder and depression that followed the Hawley-Smoot tariff of 1930 would be repeated were these agreements abrogated now.

It will be on the air, and it will be argued heatedly when Congress meets. Listen to it; it affects your pocketbook.

CONVICTED: Swarthy, gulping, red-faced Fritz Kuhn heard himself sentenced to 2½ years in prison for forgery and grand larceny in a New York Court a few weeks ago. He presented a vastly different picture from the one the nation saw the night he stood in Madison Square Garden, in a Bund uniform, surrounded by 17,000 cheering Nazi-Americans.

Fritz Kuhn, however, was not on trial for his Bunding. He was on trial for



THOMAS J. WATSON, PRESIDENT INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CO.

What he says:

"We must teach our young men and women to guard against two types of mind; the reactionary mind, which tells us a thing can't be done, and the radical mind, which tries to teach us that the impossible can be done."

forgery and theft, and for these was he convicted. It is better that he was *not* convicted for Bunding; that would have made him a martyr. But now he loses caste with his 17,000, some of whom the jury says he victimized and swindled.

The penalty he received will be enough to rob him of whatever glamor he ever had, especially in the eyes of those Bunders who paid their dues so that Mr. Kuhn might pay his furniture bills.

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: Biggest church news of 1939 was made by the Methodist Church; the joining-up of the three great branches of that communion was something to think about and write about. Now comes the aftermath: the best news we have read this month lies in the reports of the manner in which the united church is dealing with the few dissenters who have refused to join the "one big union."

The dissenters, on the whole, are few; an overwhelming majority of Methodists saw strength in union, and unhesitatingly signed up. But in the South and East there still remain small groups who want nothing to do with the merger, and who have churches and pulpits which might be objects of a court fight, if the two contending parties were court-minded. We think the issue, so far as most of those churches are concerned, will never be taken before the bench, and there is cause for rejoicing in that.

The new Methodist Church has expressed a willingness to let the dissenting churches retain their property, provided eighty per cent of the membership votes not to merge with the united group. And Bishop Richardson of Philadelphia has made an offer to certain individual churches in which he suggests that the percentage be dropped from eighty to sixty-five per cent, so far as the churches in New Jersey and Pennsylvania are concerned.

This is wise procedure. You may lead a horse to water, but . . . ; and you may force a church into union, but . . . !

At the Seventieth Annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, held at Pasadena, pleas were made for resistance to propaganda, a national peace conference, the maintenance of civil liberties and the betterment of economic conditions. That may not have much to do with "missions," in the strict sense of the word, but it certainly is encouraging to hear the ladies speak out on such subjects at such an hour. Incidentally, it *may* be that peace and brotherhood are, after all, a missionary aim.

OBJECTORS: It is not often that we report Roman Catholic news here, but one item leaked through the press this month that deserves space everywhere. In a nation-wide poll of Roman Catholic students conducted by *America*, a Jesuit weekly, more than one-third have signified their intention to become conscientious objectors in the event the United States decides to send an army to fight in Europe.

Out of 54,000 college men and women in 182 schools, only 12,000 considered it their duty to volunteer. And some 20,000 were *sure* the U.S. would eventually be drawn into the conflict.

NAZILAND CHURCHES: A statistical report of church membership in Germany has just been released. According to the statisticians, Naziland has 43,500,000 Protestants, 37,500,000 Roman Catholics, 750,000 Jews, 800,000 Czechs in the Czech National Church, 900,000 Old Catholics and Greek Catholics, and 4,350,000 persons professing no religion at all.

Two things impress us here: the fact that there are so many Christians and believers left since Hitler arrived, and the fact that in a country famous for its theologians and religious leaders there are over four million who have no religion at

other day that must have warmed the cockles of the heart of every preacher in the country. Weary of being called "Reverend" and "Doctor," the ministers voted to call each other by their surname alone, or to make it simply "Mr. So-and-So." They went even further and asked that the press and their friends oblige by using greater restraint in the application of such titles of honor.

More power to them! It jars the ear to hear a minister called "Reverend Smith." It jars worse to hear him called "Doctor" Smith when not one out of a thousand of the preachers in America are entitled to such address. Your humble editor has a bachelor's degree from a university, but he's never yet been addressed as Bachelor Courier—and he hopes he never will be!

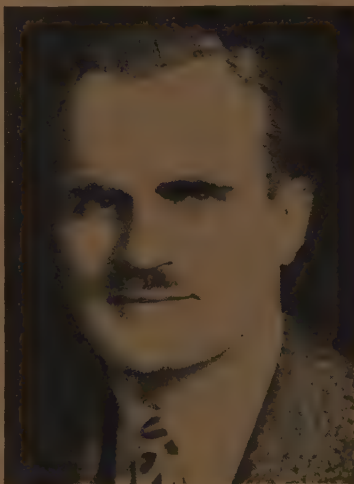
PRESBYTERIANS: On October 30, 1938, the Presbyterians in the U.S.A. opened a drive for a ten million dollar fund to aid their 112 Presbyterian colleges, Westminster foundations and theological seminaries. Ten million looked like a lot of money to some Presbyterians, who doubted that so much could be raised in such times as these.

As we go to press, announcement comes that with a year still to go, they have raised exactly \$5,141,316.75. The drive has taken on speed, under such an impulse, and it is not improbable now that the full fund will be subscribed before New Year's Day of 1941, which they have set as dead-line. The money will be spent to undergird the work of Christian education in Presbyterian schools and colleges in the United States.

At Philadelphia, a group is being formed within the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. to reopen the question of church support for the conscientious objector. Known as The Friends of Revision, the group will attempt to revise Chapter XXIII of the Church's Confession of Faith which would allot to the conscience of the individual Christian the decision on participation in war. The last General Assembly turned down a similar proposal, but a lot of water has gone over the dam since then, and the Friends claim a good chance in this year's Assembly. Yet already a stern protest has come from *The Presbyterian*, conservative church weekly, against any such change in the official position of the Church. This will be a spearhead of discussion at General Assembly; watch it.

CHURCH IN CANADA: One of the really startling developments of the war now waiting to be fought in Europe is the discord that has appeared in the churches of Canada in regard to the whole institution of war. The pacifist manifesto issued some time ago by a small section of the ministers in the Dominion caused something more than a flurry, and while not all churches or churchmen have been able to go the pacifist limit, they all seem to be approaching the question of participation in an attitude of studied caution. This is vastly different from the attitude of the same churches in the crisis of 1914.

The old jingoistic spirit is conspicuous by its absence; almost unwillingly, the Christian conscience of the country has accepted the present war as an inescapable and rather regrettable duty. They



DR. ARTHUR H. COMPTON, PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS, CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

What he says:

"Unless the growth of science and technology is sharply retarded, some kind of world government now seems inevitable and in the not-distant future."

all! Nazism has cut deep in its few years of power, and it will take more than a few years to repair the damage done to religious faith, when Hitler passes.

DISCIPLES: The Disciples of Christ, meeting in an International Convention this autumn, staged a furious debate and then passed a resolution calling upon all members of their Church who were employed in the munitions industry to seek other employment, and asking churches and church members to dispose of their investments in the munitions industry. There's a whole set of teeth in that one.

It is one thing to preach against the munitions makers; it is quite another to practice what we preach, even though it hurts. And it will take a lot of such sacrifice as the Disciples suggest to put the merchants of death out of business.

TITLES: The Ministerial Association of Lansing, Michigan, did something the

are not keen about it; they enter it only because they have to. Certain groups (Quakers, and Mennonites) are finding themselves more honored in their pacifist stand than ever heretofore; noncombatant service is being sought for them, and they will not be forced into service that is clearly against their religious principles.

All of which is good—and a good indication that the churches in Canada, at least, have not forgotten the bloody lessons they learned in 1914-18. The American church will do well to study developments on the north and northwest.

CHRIST AND MARS: We are loath to put too much emphasis on war in this column; yet developments within our American churches on the first question of the hour are news, and *must* be reported. Perhaps we can sense something of the drift of American religious thinking on this question by glancing at some of the news reports coming out of the churches:

The Massachusetts Baptist Convention warns against the use of the churches as distributing stations for propaganda; New Jersey Baptists are championing religious groups persecuted for their stand against war in a resolution passed at Atlantic City calling on Jersey Baptists to "be the local champions of any group, *no matter how small or misguided*, whose constitutional rights are being violated." The House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church has approved of registration of all noncombatant objectors to war. The Quakers are planning relief work in Poland and conscientious-objector aid in the United States. The Department of International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council has called a study-conference of the churches on international questions, to meet January 16-18, in Philadelphia. Unitarian, Universalist and Jewish religious leaders in Rochester have pledged themselves to avoid all war hysteria, under any circumstances. A "Mothers For Peace" movement, originating in North Carolina, has now spread into nine states.

For further details, see your daily newspaper.

JOINING: The next major merger of American Protestantism will likely be that of the Evangelical Churches and the United Brethren. The preliminary draft of a plan to merge has just been completed by a joint commission representing the two groups.

Final action is at least two years off; the United Brethren Conference comes in 1941 and the Evangelical General Conference will act finally in 1942. But everything now points to agreement and ultimate union.

It is interesting to note here that each group owes its existence to Methodist Bishop Asbury's reluctance, in the early 1800's, to sanction preaching in the German language. The United Brethren (400,000 strong) were founded by Philip Otterbein, a close friend of Jacob Albright, who founded the Evangelical Church which today has a membership of nearly 250,000. They might all have been Methodists!

HERE AND THERE: Federal Council announces a worldwide week of prayer to be observed January 8-14; they strive to emulate a Fellowship of Prayer in Eng-

land which has two million enrolled. . . . Tax delinquencies have thrown more than 100 churches into state hands in Michigan; exempt from real estate taxes, the churches stand on land the delinquency of which had been overlooked until title to them passed to the state on Nov. 3 for failure to pay *back taxes*! . . . New constitutional amendment in Mississippi permits churches to accept bequests; an ancient "moratorium" statute has prohibited this for years. . . . Religious education in Buffalo's public schools, for Jews, Catholics and Protestants, may come before fall of 1940 under a plan worked out by Buffalo Council of Churches. . . . Forty employable ministers in Pennsylvania are reported on relief. . . . Thirty-eight countries are now officially represented at the Vatican; they include Poland. Dean of the Corps is a German, Count Diego von Bergen, twenty years at his post! . . . The Sermon on the Mount, boxed in a double column front page story and headed "No War News on Page One Today" recently appeared in an issue of the "Illinois State Journal." Ran a subhead, "If You Still Want To Read About The War, Turn To Page 2." Voila! . . . The Gideons have just donated 925 Gideon Bibles to the schools of Grand Rapids, and 500 more to the schools of Albany, N. Y.

TEMPERANCE

AN AD AND CHIEF HOOVER: There's a liquor ad running in one of the magazines on our library table that speaks colorfully of "The liquor with no regrets." Just what they mean by that they don't make quite clear, but we suppose they mean you get your money's worth. They surely can't mean the hangover that comes after drinking too much of *any* kind of liquor.

We read it the other night, and then turned on the radio. Over the air came the voice of a police official who was quoting J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the F.B.I. Says Chief Hoover: "The first three years since repeal constitute the most terrible period of criminal history in the life of America." We couldn't help wondering if there wasn't just a little "regret" in that picture?

NEWSMEN: It's hard to believe that all newspaper men are drunks, or even the heavy imbibers often pictured in our movies. Some of us who know newsmen know few who dare drink while they're reporting; they have to get their facts straight, or else. . . .

An article in *Editor and Publisher*, the bible of journalism, supports us with these words: "Liquor is bad, killing potential genius and wasting time and making unreliable bores out of otherwise valuable fellows." And *Editor and Publisher* is in a fair way to know about that.

BETTER? Repeal was announced as the springboard to better social conditions, coast to coast. Like the offer of a chicken in every pot, it just hasn't worked out—at least in Los Angeles and Chicago. The City of the Angels reports that arrests have increased (in intoxication cases) 345% since repeal began; that

each arrest of a drunken person has cost the city \$51.33; that the total cost per year is nearly two and a half million dollars. How many schools would *that* build?

The divorce rate for Chicago was 1.9 per 1,000 for the year 1937, an advance over the all-time high rate of 1.66 per 1,000 in 1929. And abuse of alcohol figures as a prime factor in causing divorces.

WINDY CITY: The Juvenile Protective Association made an investigation not long ago, of Chicago's taverns. They visited 3,028 taverns all over town, found 2,722 of them violating the law, with a total of 9,453 violations of all laws involved.

That might have been bad enough, but at the bottom of the Association's report we read this: Police investigation was requested for 2,722 taverns; replies received to such requests numbered 2,439; arrests growing out of the requests numbered only 108, and licenses revoked numbered just eight!

Now, granted that many of these "violations" might not merit an arrest or a license revocation, there does seem to be something to think about in the fact that 283 requests were not even replied to, and that there were only 108 arrests out of nearly three thousand violations!

Meanwhile, policemen are busy rounding up little boys for minor juvenile offenses in neighborhoods where the saloonkeeper is, apparently, still quite safe in committing his major crime.

PEOPLE

Last of the glorious House of Orange is Queen Wilhelmina, ruler of one of the world's smallest kingdoms and one of the most interesting women in Europe. She is last of the House of Orange because that House dies with her; her only child, Juliana, ranks as a Mecklenburg, after her father.

Wilhelmina, dourly Dutch, is dearly beloved of her Dutch and admired in general the world around for her Dutchness in particular for her spunk. She had nerve enough to send a Dutch battleship to bring Paul Kruger to safety in Holland after the British had won the Boer War. And after the World War she refused to give up one William Hohenzollern, who fled to her country for asylum. He's still there.

She is the richest of Europe's monarchs; her State pays her \$840,000 a year and her private wealth (she is 2nd largest shareholder in Royal Dutch Shell Oil) lifts her annual income to over five millions. Yet she wears the plainest of clothes, never Paris "creations." She refused a new palace at The Hague, saying that the 284-year-old one at Amsterdam was good enough for her ancestors so it would be good enough for her.

She has given her country suffrage and proportional representation; compulsory free education; freedom of worship; a 10,000 mile air line from Holland to Batavia. She likes flowers, rides a bicycle, travels incognito, hates royal visits. Over her desk she has the motto of the House of Orange, which must give her pause, these days: "Safe in the Midst of the Waves."



Slowly I Have Learned



*S*lowly I have learned God answers prayer.
Slowly I have learned this vital thing:
That my petition loosed upon the air,
Will reach its destination, and will bring
The answer that will be the best for me
Inevitably.

*S*lowly, oh, so slowly I have learned
To wait the answer coming soon or late;
So often in the past I prayed, then turned,
Refusing in my eagerness to wait,
Yet even so the good God who had heard,
Answered every word.

*S*urely I should wait patiently today,
Knowing the answered prayer is on its way.

By Grace Noll Crowell



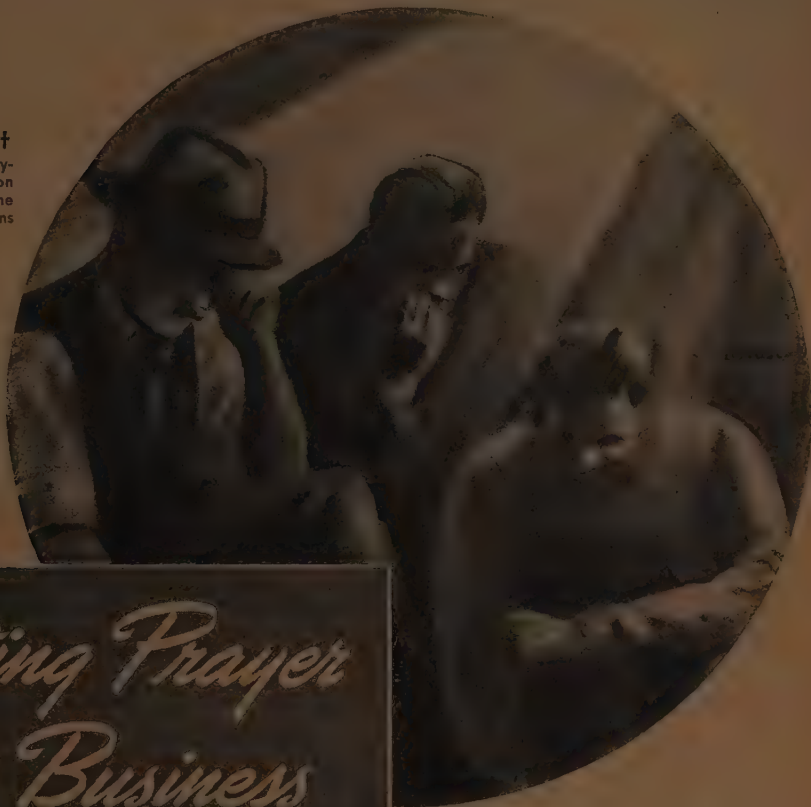
January
1940



CHRISTIAN HERALD

FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

This Man Did Not
set out to use prayer for a money-making factor in his life, but religion is such a vital thing with him that he takes it into every one of his problems



Putting Prayer into Business

By FRED B. BARTON

TWO of the three men were scowling. They sat there in the president's office, with the door closed. Everybody was silent.

Finally the president spoke:

"You two fellows don't get along. Here we are, busier than we ever have been before, and we just can't get the business out—simply because you two are angry at each other. Both of you have told me privately you wish I'd get rid of the other fellow."

He waited an instant in the silence, then went on. His tone was oddly faltering for a clear-eyed man of football build.

"It would be an easy matter if either of you were shiftless or dishonest or not interested in your job. But I know you both are loyal. You both enjoy your jobs. I don't want to fire either of you, and I can't afford to fire both, even if I wanted to."

"This is too much of a decision for my little human brain to make. What do you say if I ask God's help in finding

the answer to this tough problem?"

Both men agreed they thought that would be all right.

So the company president prayed. Quite simply, but quite frankly, he talked things over, out loud. He told how anxiously he hoped that some solution could be found. He told how he admired both men, and how important it was to the happiness of all three that the right answer be found—and now.

The prayer ended. The president said softly, "Let's have a moment of silence."

The faces weren't quite so scowling now. They were deeply thoughtful.

Finally one man raised his head.

"I can see now, Joe, that I haven't been giving you a fair deal," he said. "I've been expecting much too much of you. It's no wonder you fell down sometimes, and I want to apologize."

The other broke in.

"I'm sorry, Sam, you beat me to it. I haven't been giving the best I had in me. That's part of the trouble."

Sam spoke again. "I think I have the solution to our difficulty. You know, Mr. Eastman, if we could bring in a third man from the office force who knows the customers and knows the yards, and have him act as liaison officer, to handle some of the paper work and do some of the leg work in assembling orders, I think we'd more than earn his keep in time and mischief saved."

He named a young man who seemed to fit.

Joe agreed this was an idea. So the president phoned for the lad to come in. Briefly but honestly he explained what their problem had been, how they had found an answer, and what they wanted him to do. The four talked things over. Then the three employees marched out of the office, shoulder to shoulder, better friends than they had ever been.

"And," says George Eastman of Los Angeles, the president of the firm where this happened, "we're making real money in that department now."

Running a business by the aid of prayer is a revolutionary thing to do, as many simple changes are revolutionary. It takes a big man to be willing to admit he doesn't know the answer. Many executives pound on the desk and bellow;



few company presidents would care to humble themselves in prayer.

George Eastman, who runs the Security Materials Company, a building supply business with about 125 employees, didn't set out to use prayer for a money-making factor in his life. But religion with him has become such a reasonable and such a vital force that he takes it with him into every problem and every situation.

Turn the calendar back two years. It is April 5, 1937. A memorandum is handed each truck driver and lumber stacker, warehouseman and salesman in George Eastman's employ. The memo reads:

"Beginning Monday morning any employee who cares to will meet in my office at 7:45 simply to ask God's direction for the day. I believe it will make for better understanding and I've come to believe it's the only real way to start the day."

The memo was signed in George Eastman's firm hand. But for the rest of the day and through the next morning's breakfast he was all knees. He wished he had had sense enough to do the conventional thing and keep his religion to himself. He regretted his courage, which seemed somehow to have evaporated, leaving him alone and on the spot.

When, on the morning of April 5—he remembers the date well—he faced a half dozen employees in his office, he was tempted to turn the occasion into a sales meeting. But he stuck to his guns. Briefly he told how he had gone through a crisis in his own life. Starting with the 1929 debacle and continuing for several years after, the world he was familiar with had collapsed. Amazing and distressing things had happened. Men he had looked up to

George Eastman talks to his truck drivers as if they were members of his family, and holds prayers with them in the yard of his plant. On facing page is part of the morning group, sixty-seven in all, and below big, jovial, wholesouled George Eastman himself



—men he had admired—men he felt had manhood and courage and dignity—turned out, in a period of loss and danger, to be not even men. Where was their leadership now? Gone without a trace.

He told simply of his own search for bedrock to stand on. What use of building up a business if some power beyond men's reach could turn your stocks and bonds into worthless pieces of paper?

He told how he had sought for a purpose in life. He and his wife and their two children, a son and a daughter, had been nominally religious, but now they wanted a religion that would stiffen a man's spine. A once-a-week religion would not do. It had to be a religion you could take with you and use. It had to be a go-to-work religion that would make a man try to be honest, and pure in thought, and unselfish, and to love his neighbor. If you worked hard to weed jealousy and hatred out of your life, you didn't have time to criticize your neighbor. Nor need to: because calling forth the best in you seemed to call for the best in him!

The little meeting ended with a brief prayer. And the men, after a handshake with the boss, went out to work.

The next day there were more. And

the day after, still others. Every morning since, whether George Eastman is in town or not, about fifteen or more employees crowd into the head office for fifteen minutes at the start of the day. Because the drivers and yard men start to work at seven, it isn't possible for them to get in, except when it rains; so on Friday they meet out in the yards where there is room for everybody.

"Everybody" sometimes includes some salesman who calls on the firm; some competitor's truck drivers; a few customers or any one who wants to come. The outdoor meetings bring out about sixty-five men every Friday, because some of the men are out on deliveries.

A while ago one of the drivers was having trouble. A new baby had come, and the young mother wasn't doing well. For days there was danger of death. Finally one morning the young father dashed into George Eastman's office.

"She's out of danger, Mr. Eastman," he said heartily. And then, closing the door and stepping closer to the desk, he said: "You don't know what it meant to Anne and me to know that you boys were praying for us over here in the yard. A year ago I wouldn't have known how to pray. You've helped me a lot." He lifted his

face and looked the president in the eye. "When she and the baby are strong enough—we talked it over last night—we'd like to come up to your house some evening and have you tell us more about religion."

George Eastman told him by all means to come!

"We had a truck driver who was pretty tough and proud of it," Mr. Eastman recalls. "He was an individualist. We noticed that difficulties sometimes arose in the yard and with customers. So I called him in and told him I had tried to be fair with the fellows by telling them how I was determined to run the business. I asked him just to think it over for himself and see if he thought it worth while. I said I hoped he would feel that he

wanted to be a constructive force. He went out and I've never heard anything but praise for his work since.

"About thirty days later, the secretary of the company was lunching with a few competitors when the manager of a competing company asked him how this idea of bringing religion into our business was working out. He replied, 'It is the greatest thing that ever came into any business—why do you ask?'

"The manager replied, 'You have a truck driver working for you who used to work for us, and he was plenty tough. The other day he got off his truck and looked me up to tell me that what my company needed was religion and that I ought to come out to their plant and see

what was happening in his company.'"

I am writing this for hard-headed, practical-minded business leaders. Probably some of them, if they have read this far, will snort: "That Sunday School sort of thing might have done very well back in war times. It might even do all right now in Los Angeles. But not in my town. We have labor troubles!"

So does Los Angeles. But George Eastman's firm seems to escape trouble.

Other incidents have happened. Once, in a period of stress the various unions were picketing some firms in the building supply business. Some one mentioned the Eastman concern. Instantly several men jumped up.

"You don't need to picket that com-



pany," they said. And, "That firm's O.K. Lay off them." And, "If you picket Eastman's, count me out."

No doubt many a man would like to be gentlemanly and unselfish in business, but his competitors won't let him.

Eastman hasn't found that religion has weakened his chance for business. In fact, it has brought him new respect.

"I hear you're going down East," a competitor phoned last winter.

Eastman replied that he was.

"Let's have lunch when you get back, will you? I think you and I can work out some things that will help our industry," the competitor volunteered.

The unsolved problem of the age is how to get along with people.

It's a world-wide problem.

Some business men have thought the answer impossible, and have thrown up their hands. Some have hired public relations experts.

George Eastman hires no public relations counsel. He has no program. He has no message, no book to sell, no sure cure. What he advocates must spring from the heart.

"After all," he says, "we've tried everything else. Maybe a little straightforward religion will help all of us."

Whether it's everybody's answer or not, Eastman feels it's the answer for his family and him. And his employees seem to feel it's their answer, too.

(Courtesy "Nation's Business.")



"Oh, America, kind, safe America!" she murmured

By LOUISA A. DYER

IT WAS late afternoon of a lowering autumn day. A woman stood on the curb edge of one of New York's crowded sidewalks and looked appraisingly at the passing throng. Nobody gave her a glance until, drawing her shoulders a bit straighter, she threw back her head and began to sing. Then a few turned to look, paused to listen. Then a few more. Paused, lingered.

They saw a tall woman, shabby, remarkably poised, remarkably impersonal. They heard a deep, rich voice that floated, clear and true, upon the murky air.

A little diffidently because of her detached air, one and then another edged nearer as the song ended and slipped a coin into the small box held in the circle of her arm.

"Thank you." She spoke gravely with a faint accent, her surface calm, undisturbed. But, within, her spirit flinched. Would she never grow accustomed to accepting the charity which provided food for her still young, still healthy body?

Briefly she sang again and then, before her shifting audience realized she had finished, disappeared into the passing crowd. Always it happened so on cloudy days. Always. The face of some man watching from the outer edge of the listening group dragged at her attention and filled her with this unreasoning terror. And she had to go.

Always she seemed to be again in tragic Russia, hurrying through narrow back streets and filthy alleys, into tiny shops and down into dank cellars and on and on, her mind clear and functioning but her heart a frozen lump of terror, as she fled

her tension relaxed and she sat on the sagging bed and looked about the cheerless place. How quiet it was! How safe!

"Oh, America, kind, safe America!" she murmured half aloud.

She opened the box which she had carried and, tipping the money into her lap, began to count it. Almost enough to make up her room rent with what she had tucked away—if she didn't eat. But she needed to eat. For two days the uneasy feeling that she was being watched had cut short her time on the street and reduced her intake, and she had stinted herself rather than use the rent money she had saved. Rent was one of the *musts* of her existence. But now she needed to eat, needed more than American bread and coffee. Meat and vegetables she must have. That meant that she must go out on the morrow and be successful.

"And no nonsense about it when the time comes, either," she adjured herself, "regardless of what you think you see."

Putting a few of the coins into the pocket of her shabby suit coat, she went out to seek food.

The next afternoon she was on the street earlier. Not the same street but one where shoppers thronged, even on dark, lowering afternoons, before the office workers were out. She found them full of curiosity and fairly responsive as she had hoped they would be. The respectable, church-going little bourgeoisie were often kind and generous.

She was singing her "thank you" song when she became conscious of a man on the farther edge of the lingering group, looking at her more intently than the

after her miraculous escape from a Bolshevik prison.

No one, watching her as she turned after a time into a quiet back street and made her way up the steps to the decadent front door of one of the houses, would have guessed that she was fleeing, so well had she learned how to hurry without attracting attention. But when she was in the tiny room at the very top of the house with her back against the door her breath escaped in gasps.

Then suddenly

others. Was it the one who had watched her the day before? She didn't know, a great wave of terror swept over leaving a shiver in its wake.

Holding herself rigidly in place, she hushed the song before she melted into crowd and was away.

"Hurry, hurry," urged her heart.

"Steady and inconspicuous," insisted her brain.

Gradually her panic diminished and overcame her impulse to hurry to the sanctuary she had. She thought that had done fairly well but she wasn't tain. She was not adept at estimating number or the value of coins, good American coins. And she must be certain she had enough so that she could pay room rent in the morning. If she lost clean, bare, little room there was no place for her to go. . . . No place but morgue. There were things which couldn't do, even to live.

Entering a drugstore, she slipped into telephone booth and closed the door. Hurriedly, she emptied the coins from box into a square of old linen which served her for a handkerchief, tied carefully and put it in a safe inner pocket in her worn suit.

A shiver of loathing shook her. Must all the beggars in the world secure their harvest before they went on to fields. She, too, was going on to another field—the office people who would be looking their desks shortly.

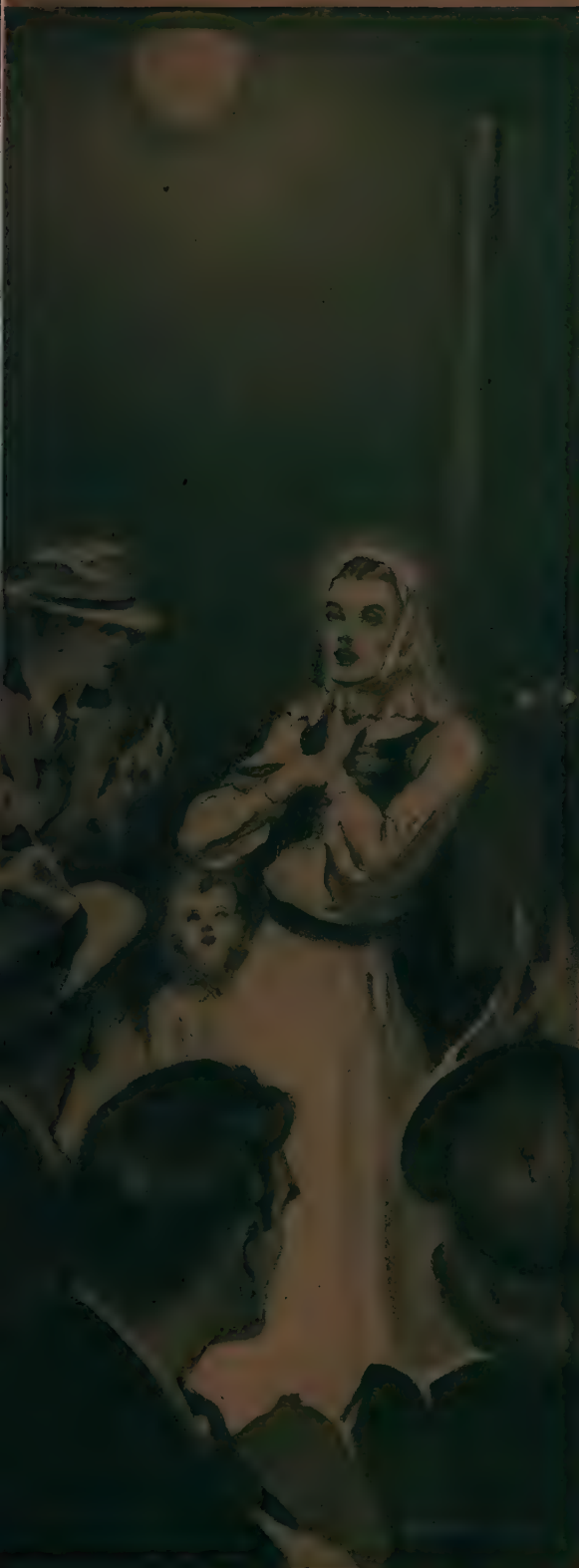
Still shivering, she tried to tell herself that she was not a beggar, that she never asked for anything—but she knew that was not the truth. She had given alms to too many beggars on the streets of Petersburg not to know that none louder than those who ask without work.

Determinedly, she went out and met her way with the passing stream of people to a street of offices. She did not know name but she stopped again on the edge of the sidewalk and looked at the throng. The first wave which broke from the doors she allowed to sweep past. Then lifting her chest a bit and tipping back her head, she began to sing.

She had sung only half of her first song when she saw the watcher again, not the edge of the crowd this time but directly before her. A chill crept from heart and spread over her body, her mouth parched and a spot within her seemed suddenly too empty to be endured. Folding her long, tapering fingers into fists she sang on to the end.



Illustrator VAN SWEARINGEN



With the last note the man spoke to her. "You will pardon me but you have too fine a voice to spoil it singing in the wind on the streets."

She forced her eyes to steadiness as she looked at him. He appeared to be decent, even kind, but it was impossible to be sure. He must not know, nobody must know, of the terror within her.

"Thank you," she murmured mechanically as coins clinked into her box. "Thank you."

"You are out of work and need the money, I suppose," went on the man.

She inclined her head gravely.

"But there must be some better way," he added.

She saw him eye her worn suit.

"Here." He took a card from his pocket, wrote on it and put it in her hand. "Go there tomorrow at one o'clock and ask for the woman whose name I have written. Perhaps she can help you. Tomorrow at one. You understand?"

She inclined her head again. "Thank you."

He lifted his hat and passed on his way.

For an instant she watched him to be certain that he was going. Then quickly singing her brief "thank you" she lost herself in the crowd. This time she went to her little room.

Once more, as soon as her back was against the closed door, all her fear subsided.

"You fool," she chided herself. "You fool, do remember. This is America. Perhaps he really does wish to help you. It might be true—in America."

Before she counted her money she looked at the card. It was plain on one side. On the other side was written the name and address of one of the city's welfare centers and underneath, "Ask for Miss Sara Anderson."

She thought for a few minutes. Should she go, or was it a place from which to stay away? If they really wished to help her there might be some kind of work which she, in her ignorance of American ways, had overlooked. . . . She decided to go and hear what the woman had to suggest. In the meantime there was still the room rent to be paid.

She put the money which she had received that afternoon on the bed and counted it painstakingly. Yes, enough. And some over. Laying aside that which was needed to make up her rent, she considered the remainder.

Fear and the damp wind outside had chilled her and the room was cold. If she had a good, hot dinner it would warm her and there was money enough left. A whole dinner, just this once, in the warmth of Leo's restaurant. As she placed the rent money in a neat pile she decided that the landlady might as well have it at once. She would leave it on her way out.

Reaching to pick up the remaining money she paused. She was cold all the time now. How much longer would it be possible to stand the autumn cold of New York's streets without a coat to supplement her threadbare suit? A little tin pail of hot soup to bring in would warm her enough to let her sleep and if she bought, also, a pint of milk and a loaf of bread there would be breakfast, too, from what was left. Reluctantly, she picked out pennies and nickels enough to pay for the food and put the rest aside to save toward a coat. Then she hurried out.

A few minutes before one o'clock the next day she was outside the Welfare Center. Deep-seated habits of caution made her pause and look the place over. It looked all right. Was it? Or was it a trap? She caught herself up. This was America. Nevertheless, she walked back to the corner and approached the policeman directing traffic at the intersection.

"The Welfare Center," she questioned, "it is a good reliable one? You would give to it if you wish your contribution to help someone who needs so much?"

Her faint accent made the officer glance with brief curiosity at her face. "Yes, Madam, 'tis one of the biggest and best in the city. A very worthy organization, Ma'am."

"Thank you."

She hurried back and into the building. In a few moments she was in an inner office and a plump, middle aged woman with white hair was looking inquiringly at her across a littered desk. Then Miss Sara Anderson rose and held out her hand.

"How do you do? You are the singing lady. Aren't you?"

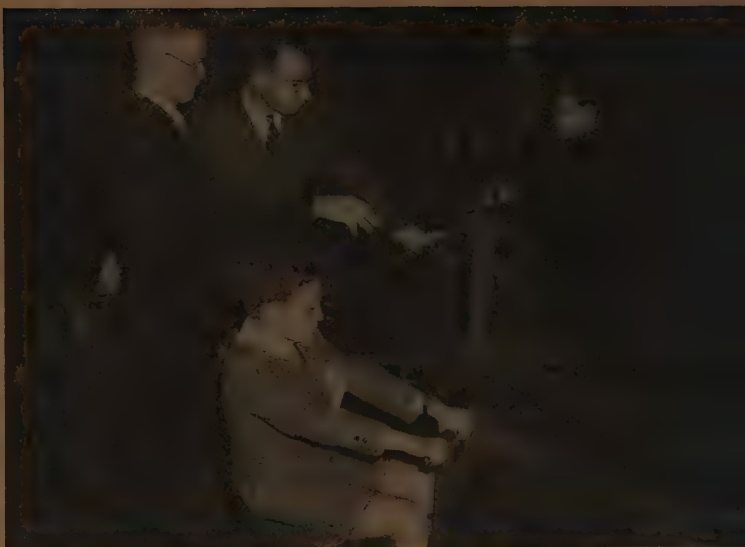
"Yes." She laid the card on the desk. Miss Anderson moved the extra chair nearer. "I am glad you came. Please sit down and we will talk. Mr. Tomlinson said that your voice is much too beautiful to be used singing outdoors. Would you care to tell me about yourself? Perhaps we can find some better way."

Looking into Sara Anderson's friendly brown eyes she (Continued on page 49)

"Here—" he took a card from his pocket and put it in her hand. "Go there tomorrow at one, and ask for this woman."

If, as Richard Maxwell says, each one of us is apt in some one thing, Mr. Maxwell's aptitude surely lies in making people happy—as millions of people who listen to his broadcast can testify

By
Richard Maxwell



HOBBIES That Help

IF SOMEONE were to tell you that you could go down to the corner store and purchase happiness at so much a box, would you try a sample? Very likely all of us would lay in a supply if we could afford it. Well, happiness cannot be bought in a box, but it can be purchased—with a formula.

Scientific research has established some surprising facts recently. These facts, coupled with those set forth by the world's greatest authority on how to get the most out of life, and the testimony of many for whom the formula has worked—give us some concrete evidence into which we can sink our teeth.

The answer to happiness is not the same for each one of us—that we know. As one man's meat is another's poison, so the things which bring contentment and peace to me might not to you. We all differ too much for that. However, the world offers an infinite number of possibilities—and each person must find those which fit his particular personality—then add up his own figures. Nor do you have to be good at mathematics to arrive at the correct answer. All you need is a little "mother wit," and the desire itself. The fundamental formula is the same for all. If you will open your eyes and can see the colors of this rainbow—you'll find the pot of gold all right.

The scientific laboratories of Human Engineering have found that there are a dozen or more well-defined human aptitudes. In any person these can be measured and graded. Each one of us is "apt" in certain things, and consequently anyone can score the highest rating in one or more of these aptitudes. The fewer aptitudes you have the simpler it is for you to find success as well as happiness. The

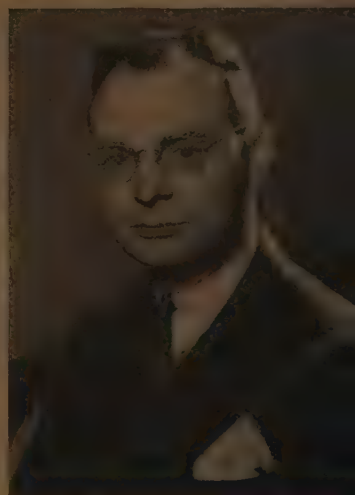
more numerous your "talents," the more complicated is your problem, for you must use *all* your aptitudes in life if you want to be happy. Every single one of your talents must find *some* expression or you will be discontented, uneasy, and perhaps miserable. You'll not be happy with one "left over" aptitude.

Roughly speaking, that is the formula for happiness. Of course it is the formula for success too, for they are bound together, to a large extent.

Expression for any aptitude can be found in two general directions. One is your vocation, your business or whatever furnishes you a livelihood. The other is your avocation, your hobby—or what you do in your spare time. Those aptitudes which do not find sufficient expression in "business" *must* find expression in your spare time. Thus hobbies may become vitally important to any one of us.

Just as a man's character is shown by what he is and does when no one is looking at him, so a person's success in life depends upon what he does with himself—especially in his spare time. Dissatisfactions are the nerves of the personality. If you are not entirely satisfied with your lot, part of your "self" is being shut out of life. It's up to you to release it. This can be done through a hobby more easily than any other way. Any kind of hobby will do—providing it is *your* hobby and not some other person's. It must fulfill all the requirements for you yourself, must give an outlet to everything within you which is clamoring for expression.

It would be interesting to find out how many spare time hobbies have developed into really tremendous things—big business itself. For example, when all the experimenting amateurs were forced off the best wave lengths by commercial radio stations, they were left with those wave lengths considered of no special



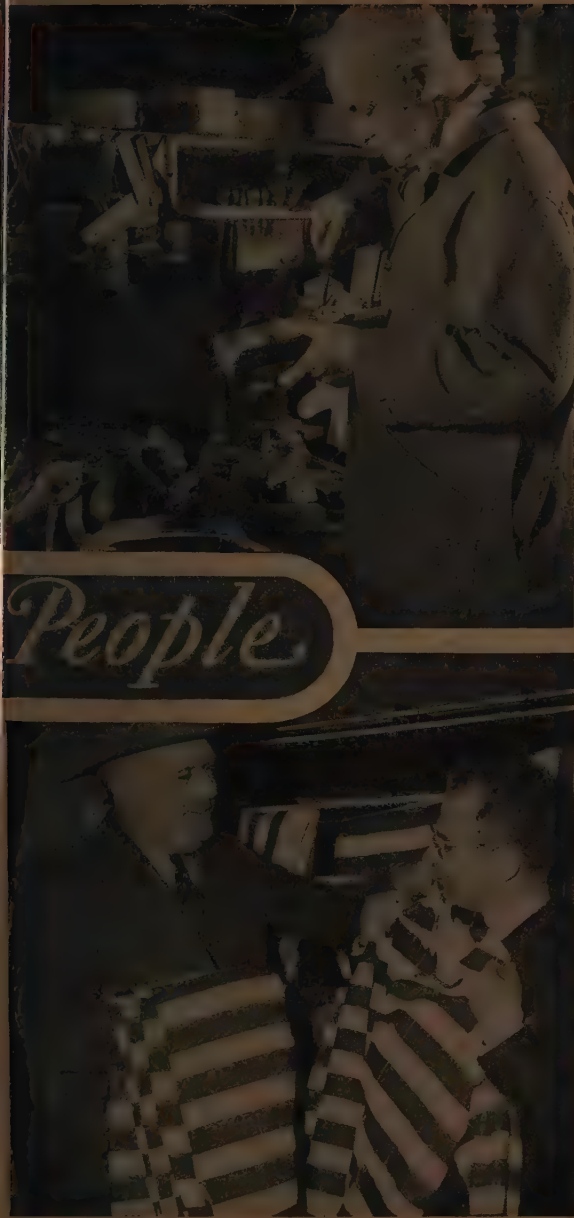
value—the extra long and the extra short. Static and mechanical disadvantages rendered them practically useless. However, after the "hobby" radio experimenters got down to serious work—they found their "short waves" had peculiar and wonderful properties—chief of which was their effectiveness over tremendous distances. So short wave broadcasting came into recognition—through the "hobbyists." Today it is "big business."

Thus any hobby may turn out to be "pot of gold" in business. But we are concerned with something far greater—happiness itself.

One person can be mighty sad all by himself, but it takes *two* to be happy. Joy must be shared. By the same token the more joy you can bring others the greater are your chances for happiness.

Some of the unusual hobbies

discovered by Dave Elman, (below, left), of "Hobby Lobby." Mr. John F. McCarthy builds merry-go-rounds for children in hospitals; J. J. Kirkpatrick of Montreal has this year repaired over 1400 broken toys, which will be distributed to needy children; and Police Chief John B. Maier, of Arizona, has the queerest hobby of all—he collects prison uniforms!



and see about it." And so out of the files of Hobby Lobby came many living testimonies of how the formula for happiness works — through spare time activity, and doing double duty—even triple duty at times.

Such a "hobbyist" is Mr. Henry T. Smitz—in business hours an oil gauger, but in his spare time a volunteer Santa Claus. His hobby is collecting, repairing and repainting old broken toys for distribution to poor children at Christmas. With the expenditure of about eighty-five cents—and many hours of earnest work—but fascinating to him—Mr. Smitz is able each Christmas to give some bit of happiness to two thousand children. He gets two thousand times each bit himself, in return. In addition, it is an outlet for his particular aptitudes of Yankee ingenuity, construction in miniature, artistry, making things work, and his love for children.

Another amateur Santa Claus is Roy L. Ehmann of Pittsburgh, who with his wife has spent all his free time during the past ten years in the cellar of their home mending toys and making new ones—mostly out of cheese boxes. From five hundred toys the first year, his hobby has grown each year—until last Christmas the toys he gave away numbered nearly ten thousand. Mr. Ehmann's dream is that his hobby will be taken up by other people throughout the country, so that some day there will be a toy for every child at Christmas.

Now this is the kind of hobby that pays rich dividends in happiness—not only for the children, but also for the one who knows in his heart that he is helping Santa Claus keep faith with thousands of hopeful youngsters on Christmas Eve.

As a Probation Officer of the Children's

Court in Brooklyn, Mrs. Ida Cash's work led her into the homes of large families of children, where there were no playthings—nothing at all to keep active little hands busy and out of mischief—nothing to keep children at home in the dark winter evenings out of the cold, crowded streets. And when she saw those same children haled into court as delinquents for stealing some small toy or game, she decided that something should be done about it. Out of her decision grew her hobby. She started a "toynery," where youngsters can borrow toys just as they would borrow books from a library. They can keep the toys that they borrow for a week, and then renew if they like. Each child has a card, just like a library card, saying what day the toy is due back in the toynery, and every toy is made completely sanitary before it given out to another child. Mrs. Cash's hobby, too, has grown—it has been estimated that already there are over two hundred branches of this toy library all over the country.

Another hobbyist to realize this need is a retired New York business man, whose hobby is providing underprivileged children with tickets to movies, rodeos, circuses and the like. Naturally, the managers of such affairs are often glad to cooperate generously. He took up this hobby twelve years ago, and in that time has given away over four hundred thousand tickets. In other words, through his devotion to a hobby, this business man has been able to give almost half a million underprivileged children pleasure that lasted an average of three hours each. One million five hundred thousand hours of joy to those who need it most. His hobby thus not only fills his own need but that of others who need him.

The word "hobby" seems to me a very modest one for the things done by these fountain-heads of happiness. Can't we find a good name for a person such as John Nickerson . . . a truck driver who turned the backyard of his home in congested East Boston into a playground, equipped with swings, see-saws, a carousel and a swimming pool, for the use of the neighborhood kids who had no other place to play. His neighborhood playground grew and grew—out of bounds, and overflowing into adjoining backyards. Before long dozens of persons were contributing their bits toward the construction, upkeep and management of the neighborhood playground. . . . Or a person like John F. McCarthy, of Seattle, Washington . . . who has made a hobby of helping boys and girls crippled by infantile paralysis to recover the use of their young arms and legs. Figuring that he could build some device that would give the children so much pleasure that they would *want* to take their greatly-needed exercise, Mr. McCarthy built a merry-go-round which could be propelled by the children themselves. It took him a whole year of planning before he found a scheme

Hobbies which seem to afford the greatest possibilities of bringing peace and contentment to the individual are those that affect the interests and joys of other people too.

But let's get down to cases—living examples of how the formula works.

One of our most successful radio broadcasts is Dave Elman's Hobby Lobby, where novel and interesting hobbies are "aired" over CBS. In talking with Dave Elman recently, I asked, "What percentage of interesting hobbies are based on adding to the pleasure of others?"

"Well," replied Elman, "perhaps one-fourth of the truly successful and interesting hobbies are based on doing something for the other fellow. There is one such hobby on virtually every Hobby Lobby broadcast. Let's look over some scripts

that would enable little crippled youngsters to work their arms and legs as the motive power for the merry-go-round. Since then, he and his wife have completed and given away nine of these machines. They work frantically, in a sort of race against time, for Mr. McCarthy wants to supply every orthopedic hospital in the country with one, and he is nearing his three score years and ten....

A man whose business is detecting crime—and whose hobby is preventing it—is Chief of Police Joe B. Maier, in Mesa, Arizona. He calls his hobby "saving souls," and this is how he works it. He has a large collection of prison uniforms, each with a story behind it, from prisons all over the country. Whenever a young first offender is brought to him, Chief Maier shows him a uniform worn by a man who had committed—and paid for—a similar but perhaps more serious crime. He points out that no matter how old an ordinary business suit is, it's better than a brand new prison uniform. In all of Joe Maier's years in office, only one first offender has failed to learn a lesson from his prison uniform sermon. Only one of his boys has come back charged with a second crime—a remarkable evidence of what a hobby can do to save human souls.

Saving lives, and teaching others how to do the same, is the hobby of Joseph Serror of Rhode Island. In his youth he had come upon the scene of a terrible accident, and the crowd of people standing around helplessly made so deep an impression on his mind that he determined to learn everything he could about life-saving and First Aid. Hardly a week goes by that his hobby doesn't help someone, yet with an aptitude of this kind pent up, he would be discontented all his life.

Mr. Henry Simler's hobby is making it possible for men over forty years of age to get jobs. He does it by trying to break down the prejudice in business against people who have reached middle age, and by proving—with figures—to employers that men and women of forty and beyond have just reached their prime, and are invaluable in the business world.

Mrs. Walter Segewick's hobby was started when she learned that there are many friendless people living in solitary furnished rooms in New York City, who sometimes go for as long as two weeks without being spoken to; and that many lonely old ladies go daily to Grand Central Terminal to sit hour after hour in the waiting room, just in the hope that someone will start a friendly conversation. Mrs. Segewick rented a large sunshiny loft in midtown New York, filled it with comfortable chairs, old-fashioned rockers, and a radio—and invited all lonely women over fifty to join her club. It is called the "L Club"—"L" being the Roman numeral for fifty. Scores of lonely, unemployed women come to the club to partake of the cheerful atmosphere and chat about old times with new-found friends that are the result of Mrs. Segewick's hobby.

The only School of Journalism for the Blind in the country was started by a young reporter who had been sent one day several years ago to the American Institute for the Education of the Blind to get a "story." After that first visit he went back again, and then again—and

began studying Braille, and taking courses in the causes and cures of eye troubles. His work with the blind became a hobby to which he devotes four or five evenings a week. Now the young man, who is Wilson Brown, Editor of "Radio Guide," still takes with him on each of his vacations some little blind boy.

Sometimes a man's hobby is the result of an early experience—an experience so unforgettable that it shapes the course of his whole life. Clinton Eva had such an experience, many years ago when he was a young boy—very young, but already faced with earning his own living. He was fired from a five-dollar-a-week job because of his shabby appearance. His landlady took his last pay check and threw him out on the street with exactly five cents in his pocket—homeless in a great lonely city. He slept on a bench in the Boston Commons. The next morning he bought a loaf of bread with his nickel.

☆☆☆

TO RICHARD MAXWELL

Because you sang,
We did not heed the winds and driving rain;
The cheerless day was changed
To one of joy and void of pain—
Because you sang.

Love lifts the heart;
The burdens hard to bear
Now lighter seem;
And life again grows beautiful—
Because you sang.

—Grace A. Auringer

☆☆☆

That loaf of bread was all the thirteen-year-old boy had to eat for seven miserable days. It was then that he resolved that somehow he would find a way to protect other homeless boys from the terrifying fear and hunger that he had known.

It took Clinton Eva nine years of saving every cent he could get before he could even start on his hobby. By the time he was twenty he had saved four hundred dollars—enough to rent a large, old-fashioned house in New York, with beds for twelve homeless boys. The years have gone by, forty of them, and Mr. Eva has helped nearly 38,000 homeless boys. What a memory to own! What a heritage to give to the future!

For any young girl, an accident which leaves her unable ever to walk normally again is a tremendous hurdle to take. Yet out of the ashes of personal tragedy often grow great things. Chiquita Corrales has proved that.

Chiquita was a dancer—until a fall from the fourth story window of her apartment to the street broke her spine and her leg. She went from doctor to doctor, and they all told her the same thing—that there was no hope, she would always be a cripple. One leg was three and a half inches shorter than the other. At last, however, she found a doctor who told her that perhaps something could be done. He said that it all depended upon her, and asked her to promise that she

would be brave.

That almost hopelessly crippled girl accepted the doctor's challenge with undaunted courage and determination. And out of her personal misfortune grew a hobby that contains a message of hope and inspiration for everyone.

After two years in a New York hospital—two years of courageous effort and faith—Chiquita was at last able to walk without a limp and to do everything that a normal person can do. Today her hobby is encouraging other crippled people to walk without limping. She was so grateful to the doctor and the hospital that helped her when she was without funds that now she spends all her spare time passing on to others the things she has learned: to keep fighting, keep trying—and no matter what anyone says, not to give up, for it's never too late.

In the pages of your own *Christian Herald* you have often seen the picture of Charles St. John—and read of his hobby. It had its beginning in the night that he stood on the rail of a bridge, about to commit suicide, when a stranger had to knock him out to save him. St. John was a college graduate, who had started drinking his way out of good jobs, and out of fine friendships. He sank lower and lower until finally he had become an out-and-out bum. What happened on that bridge started him on a hobby that has made him known to thousands of men as "St. John of the Bowery." For it gave him one ambition—to help the men who were going through what he himself had suffered. He got a job in the Bowery Mission. At night, in his spare time, when his work was over, he used to walk the streets until dawn, picking up the down-and-outers, giving them a meal and a place to sleep. Not preaching or asking questions about the past—just taking them by the arm and saying, "Young fellow, you're headed the wrong way." Finally his hobby grew to be his life work. Down there at the Mission they help over 175,000 men each year, and whenever they pull a man up and help him back on his feet, Charles St. John thinks back to that night on the bridge....

On and on through the files of *Hobby Lobby* we read. Finally Dave Elman straightened up. "These people have got something—something we all want. They have 'got' because they have learned to 'give'..." And Dave Elman, the man who has "aired" hundreds of hobbies, should know.

So there is the formula. It is the answer to why the artist is happy, why one child will practice hours on the piano—another cannot be driven to it; the answer to why so many unusually capable persons are unhappy—even naggers, shrews, and perhaps bitter toward life, they have too many unused aptitudes. The things you are "apt" in may not be money-making talents, but if you use them they are happiness-making talents. Thus if you have insufficient outlet for organization, for management, for detail work, for construction, for growing things, for friendships, for kindness, for children—for anything whatever, do something about it. A spare time hobby is the easiest way, and the most productive when it brings benefits to others too. But as I said before, I cannot add up your figure—that is your problem.



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These youngsters found a new use for old chicken-coops, when they made a church out of the one shown here. The twelve-year-old lad at left is the minister, and services are held every Sunday

The CHILDREN'S CHURCH

By Emilie Hall

A CHICKEN coop changed into a church . . . little folks voluntarily leaving their play to worship God in song and prayer . . . a lad of twelve years preaching weekly sermons from behind a toy pulpit . . . that's the miracle Canton, Pennsylvania, has witnessed for the past year and a half.

It might not have been so unusual if it had lasted a week, or maybe even a month, but the church is still flourishing, gaining new members and has become as much, or more, a part of life in the little mountain village as the more ostentatious "grown-up" churches.

The "chicken-coop church," dignified by the name Junior Church of Christ, was planned, furnished, decorated and is run entirely by boys and girls from nine to fifteen years old, without any kind of adult supervision. Charles Rockwell, unordained minister, conducts the services and the congregation averages between sixty and seventy youngsters of all denominations.

there is seldom any room to spare, and on more than one occasion an over-flow group has been forced to meet in the Rockwell cellar!

Blessed with a pair of unusually understanding parents in Martin and Violet Rockwell, Charles found only encouragement when he set out, in March, 1937, to organize a church for children who didn't have one of their own.

He was promised the use of the abandoned chicken coop and it wasn't long before, with the help of his brother, Jimmie, age 9, and his sister Jane, 14, he had the little building cleaned and a primary room partitioned off at the rear.

Foraging trips to neighborhood attics produced carpet for the floor, a double-deck table for a pulpit, a sundry assortment of old dining room chairs which, supplemented by a bridge set and homemade benches, serve as pews.

The collection plate is a faded Easter basket and the original discarded hymnals were recently replaced by a brand new set

donated by a Philadelphia dentist. They are kept in neat cardboard holders at the end of each pew.

The Rockwells' first lone efforts soon attracted the attention of neighborhood youngsters and as the church neared completion there were many willing hands to help with the finishing touches.

Eight cold children attended the first service, one blustery March morning, and the congregation steadily increased to an average of thirty before fame came to their meeting house. The little minister admits that he had to keep after his flock, calling on them each Saturday morning to remind them of the next day's service, but that difficulty is past now, and his main worry is to find room enough for those who do come.

When word of the church spread beyond the confines of the narrow mountain valley where, it is said, Phillips Brooks wrote, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," Charles was invited to participate in two nationwide broadcasts; and there is constant talk of organizing a national children's church, to which his only answer is that he is far too busy with the problems of his own to attempt to do more.

The church has undergone so many improvements during the past year that today it gives little hint of its lowly origin. The gnarled apple tree that shelters the entrance is the focal point for some very attractive landscaping carried out by the children this summer under the supervision of Edward Payne, superintendent of grounds, and young Jimmie. There is even talk of painting the exterior.

The Children's Aid Society is the finan-



© Picture Line

cial backbone of the organization. It was the group which held a fair to raise money for a stove, and when collection funds are not sufficient to meet the necessary expenses, the Rockwells saddle their pony, Star, and sell rides at a penny each as a sort of emergency measure.

The interior of the church had been papered with remnants before the official opening, and after two abortive attempts at painting, Jane and Charles turned out a very nice set of "rose" windows with water colors, through which the sun sheds a soft glow in the afternoon.

When one of the Canton Churches installed new lighting fixtures, the old ones were given to a boy member who also belongs to the Children's Church and as soon as Charles saw them he arranged a swap for a watch. Now the chapel boasts electric lights.

There is an organ, too, purchased by Charles from birthday money. He was the organist for a long time, but as his responsibilities increased with the church growth, Jane took over the job. She is also superintendent of the Sunday School and primary teacher. Brother Jimmie, whose irrepressible spirits occasionally draw a remonstrative glance from his more sober brother, is janitor. If either fails to perform his duties, Charles pinches for them, and they in turn take over the Church services when the minister goes to camp for a week in the summer.

Last summer Mrs. Rockwell visited Cape Cod and brought home a ship's bell for the church. It hangs in the peak of the roof, directly over the door.

Every Sunday afternoon Charles stands in the church doorway beside the care-

fully painted sign and wooden cross which mark the entrance and rings the bell. The service starts at 2:30.

Let's squeeze into a back pew and listen:

The room is packed with children of all types . . . there are no class lines here. The choir is in its place and Charles is arranging the pulpit while Jane plays a soft prelude.

The little minister calmly surveys his congregation before the strains of the Doxology open the service, then, consulting the hymn announcement board, requests that they rise and sing, "Hallelujah, Thine The Glory." Collection follows, then the offering prayer:

"Lord, we thank Thee for our blessings. Accept our offering . . . it is only a trifle of what Thou hast given us. . . ."

There are announcements:

"The regular meeting of the Children's Aid will be held this week and it would be nice if everyone could come.

"On Saturday we will clean up the church, if it doesn't storm. I know you all like to go swimming and if you're having a good time, you don't have to come, but I'd like you to.

"Choir rehearsal Saturday at 9:30. Jane will be glad to work with any of you who can sing or wish to learn. We all want a choir just like any other church."

It's hard to remember that this dapper person from whose lapel shingles a star for attendance at his own Sunday School is just a lad, as he smiles confidently and launches into a sermon that would tax a seasoned minister—a sermon which is neither read, memorized nor given from

notes, but rather, "thought up" during dinner an hour earlier.

"Today we read in the Scriptures about Jesus teaching His disciples how to pray. Perhaps you have wondered where and when to pray; perhaps you have wanted to pray as Jesus did.

"Jesus taught His disciples not to pray in the Temple about themselves, nor to say how good they were. He said to humble themselves. When He said, 'Go by yourselves into a closet to pray', maybe you didn't understand that He meant to go away from people . . . into the hills or into your room alone.

"Prayer is misused. If a man wants to win an election or become rich and ask God to give him wealth, pleasure and power, that is wrong. We should ask God only for those things we need. Thriftily people aren't those who never spend a cent, but those who spend wisely. We should pray only for necessities and be thrifty with our prayer."

The young philosopher relies on parables to explain his meaning.

"A man goes down town and buys a coat, hat and shoes. He also buys some food. Another goes to town and buys . . . (ponders, 'What?') 'something to amuse himself that is not necessary. Of course it wasn't wrong, but the first was really thrifty.

"We should be thrifty with our prayers but not so that we don't pray at all. Not like the man who doesn't buy anything.

"God wants us to pray to Him. The Lord's Prayer is the best prayer ever made. It says, 'Give us this, day of our daily bread'.

"Well . . . why not have jelly on it?"



© Life

Everything is orderly and quiet.

The little minister leads the singing, as regular grownup ministers do. He greets the arriving members at the door. The congregation is quiet and respectful, and takes the services seriously

"'Bread' means our food. It is necessary, but jelly isn't.
 "'Forgive our sins'. Remember, Jesus died for our sins. We can't ask forgiveness unless we forgive, like the man who bowed money to his master.
 "You should understand the meaning of the Lord's Prayer, not just say it.
 "Another nice prayer is Grace, thanks for food. Like thanking your mother for something, thanking God for the things He gives us helps us to pray better and get nearer to Him. If you see a man on the street, you are nearer to him if you stop and talk than if you just wave."

The sermon is over.

The congregation stands to sing lustily, "Rock of Ages," and with bowed heads and tight shut eyes receives the minister's benediction:

"Guard over us and forgive our sins; keep us from evil. And, please God, keep us always from strong drink. Amen."

As the little folks and those not so little file past us on their way out the door, a wave of deep reverence and awe sweeps over us.

What we have witnessed has not been child's play, nor has there been anything precocious about it. The little church service has been as spontaneous as any activity of natural normal children. It is

the sort of thing that happens again and again in this land of ours, and on which we who have confidence in the future, pin our hopes.

Charles, although of a quieter temperament than his brother and sister, is an average American boy who skates and skis all winter and plays baseball in the summer. The three children have a flock of chickens and ducks and their pony to care for; they play in the school band; belong to the Scouts and other civic organizations; and their days are crammed full of healthy activity.

The church is not their first venture into the world of grown-up activity, although it is by far the outstanding one in a list that includes a fully equipped store and restaurant and a lending library.

The library, furnished with their own books and magazines, is still operating and does a lively business among the neighborhood children, some of whom are not nearly as privileged as the Rockwells. Charles admits that he frequently has to go after books that are kept out over-time, but he doesn't mind, since he usually sandwiches in parish calls.

Like most boys his age, Charles would like to be an electrician, painter, architect, carpenter, engineer, farmer . . . or maybe a preacher when he grows up. He is in the seventh grade in school and casts envious eyes at the records set by his older brother, Martin Varney Rockwell who graduated from Penn State University this year.

Asked if it was hard to think up a sermon, the young sage admitted it was quite a job. He takes his subjects from the lives of the people they all know and is mostly concerned with behavior.

He says, "If you're good, you don't need to worry. I think it helps the kids when I give examples instead of just talking. Once, though, when a mother asked me to preach on stealing, I couldn't do it."

The lad has a level head and thinks into the future. He frequently lectures his youthful listeners on the evils of money and drink, and once he put a good scare into them by preaching on the end of the world!

He doesn't tell anyone what his sermon is going to deal with.

Why?

Well, not long ago he had a good sermon all "thought up" on Thankfulness, but the audience was full of skittish spirits that day and giggles predominated over notes as they sang the opening song. Quick to take in the situation, Charles changed his topic to Reverence.

The giggles and squirming continued and then the youthful preacher barged into a real, old-fashioned harangue on Behavior in Church.

"It didn't do much good that day," he admits, "but since then they have sat quiet, and I think they really did get something out of it."

The little church is far more than a mere glorified chicken coop now; and I have seen many a magnificent church building that was far less impressive than this little building. And as one looks into the clear eyes of the young minister, and listens to his clear childish treble, one recalls that the greatest Preache of all time began His teaching when He was about young Charles Rockwell's age. . . .

That conditions under repeal are far worse than the worst under Prohibition; that alcohol is a poison and a curse, and a hundred years from now men will wonder that a civilized nation ever tolerated it; that there is a growing reawakening of sentiment for a return of Prohibition—these and many other striking facts are most convincingly stated in this splendid article

By

George Barton Cutten

PRESIDENT OF COLGATE UNIVERSITY

[PART ONE]

IN ALL probability you think that nothing could put me out of joint with the times, so completely as choosing even to introduce a subject of this kind. Maybe I should be considered as companionless as a lone sparrow on the housetop and as solitary as a raisin in an angel cake. Well, perhaps so, and thank you for your sympathy. As a matter of fact, however, there are hundreds of thousands of prohibitionists in this country, and the disastrous results of repeal are increasing their number rapidly.

If I were alone, though, I should not feel bad, for an occasional non-conformist scattered among His creatures is what makes God an optimist. They are His only hope. A non-conformist is usually a seer a century ahead of his time. The inscriptions on the tombs of the prophets show that they were crucified, beheaded, burned, or hanged; or, at least, they were stoned, lashed, imprisoned, reviled, or ridiculed. Naturally there were scattered among them enough insane to spoil a perfect score. To the dull-witted, the seer and the insane were difficult to distinguish. However that may be, I modestly ask for an humble place in this group, for I venture to prophesy that no item of history will be so difficult to explain a century hence as a people which prided itself upon being intelligent and at the same time used that intelligence in order to become drugged.

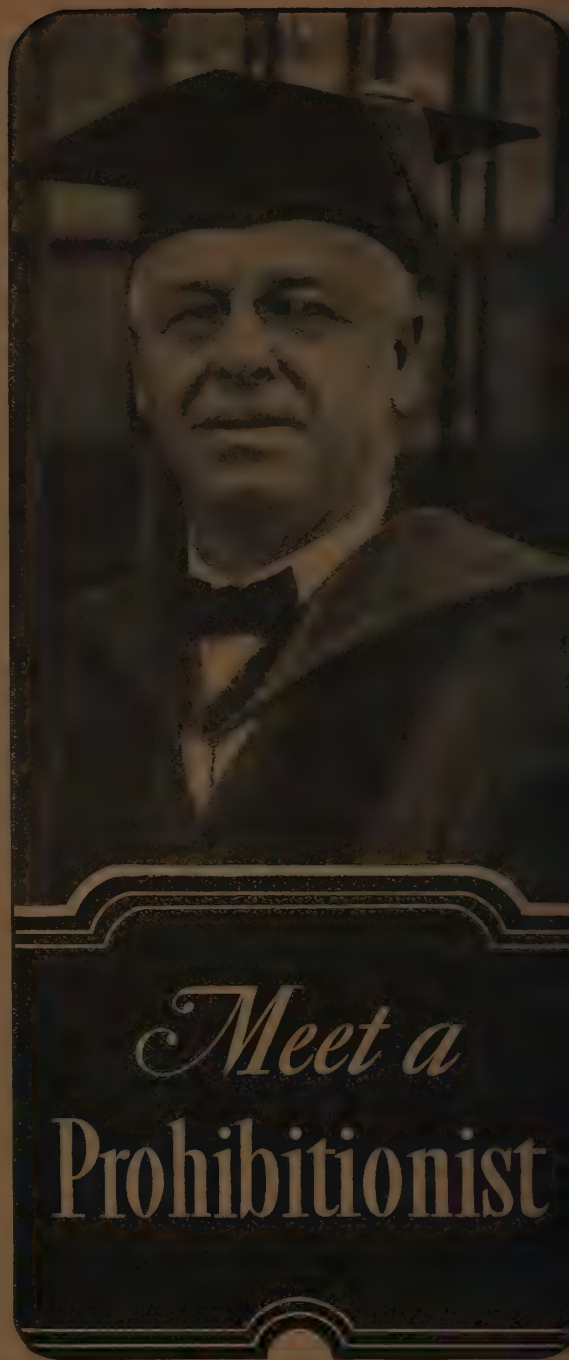
Well, to clear the decks for action, let me say at the beginning that I know better men than I am who drink—much better. Oh, bless you, no, they are not better because they drink, but in spite of it. Only a vivid imagination can fancy how good they would be without it, or how bad I should be with it.

I know what some of you are saying before I really get under way: you are saying, "It may be all right for you to be a prohibitionist, for you are no longer young." Has not someone defined an immoral act as one condemned by a person too old to enjoy it? Well, it's true that I'm not so young as I once was, but I am still running under my own steam.

I'm sure I could even yet last through a second evening of a house party, dancing with the girl who had captured the booby prize in the beauty contest, without demanding a bracer.

My case can be stated in a very few words. It is difficult to become enthusiastic about anything which has all the entries on the debit side of the ledger, for if there is anything to be said in favor of consuming alcohol as a beverage, up to the present time it has been carefully concealed. If beverage alcohol were totally removed from the world tomorrow morning by a sudden upheaval of nature, the result would be complete gain. There might be regrets, but no loss. There's the thing in a nutshell.

To be somewhat more specific, it may be said that everything I am trying to build up as an educationalist, alcoholic drinking tends to tear down. Am I trying to develop young men mentally? Alcohol destroys mentality, at first temporarily, and by continued and increased doses this deterioration becomes permanent. Am I trying to build up young men morally? Alcohol is a potent cause of crime and immorality. Am I trying to stabilize young men's emotional control? Alcohol unbalances the judgment and disorganizes the emotions. The natural re-



Meet a
Prohibitionist

sults of a college education and of consuming beverage alcohol are represented by divergently opposite poles. To be consistent, I should either surrender and thought of being an educationalist, or endeavor to eliminate the drinking of alcoholic beverages—the two don't blend.

There are so many scientific data available that we need be no longer in doubt concerning the main facts about alcohol. Numerous laboratory experiments have been made by competent investigators to determine the actual results of using alcohol as a beverage, and physicians, psychiatrists, and social workers have made

ditional and important contributions. Alcohol is a poison and should be so assessed. The very word intoxication reveals that. The toxic properties are well known. While methyl or wood alcohol is more poisonous than ethyl or grain alcohol, the difference is principally one of degree. Methyl alcohol does seem to have a special effect upon the optic nerve, causing permanent blindness, but both attack nerve tissues. During prohibition days there was a loud outcry because people were being poisoned by bad liquor, and that was true; it is also true today. But the toxic element, except in the rarest cases, was and is alcohol and alcohol only—not wood alcohol either, but grain alcohol—the kind contained in so-called beverages. I have no complete statistics, but I venture a guess that there are at least as many cases of alcoholic poisoning today as there were during the prohibition era, but no outcry!

Reliable statistics on the subject are very difficult to secure, for the opprobrium attached to alcoholism encourages some physicians to attribute illness or death caused by alcohol to contributing or general causes. However, here are some figures published last July concerning a very limited territory. There were admitted to the Haymarket Square Relief Station of the Boston City Hospital in the year 1932, near the end of the prohibition era, 894 alcoholic patients, which formed 2.82%

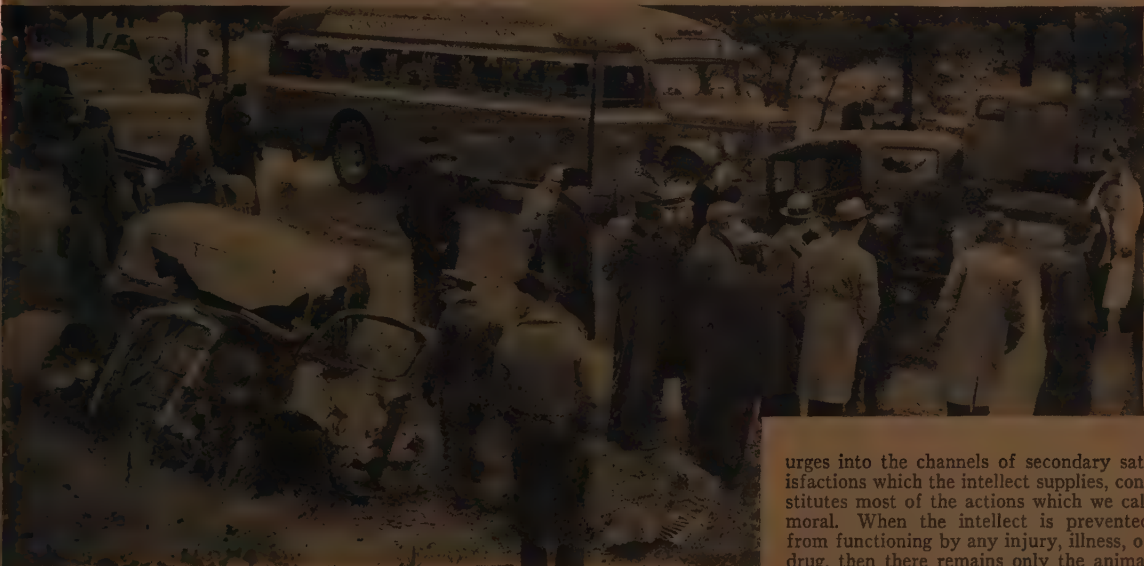
caring for alcoholics was \$3,952; in 1936, \$6,541. The latter figure was 8% of the total cost of the Station.

In Bellevue Hospital, New York, the first year of repeal, 1934, there were 7,649 admissions for acute alcoholism, in 1935, 9,139, and in 1936 over 12,000.

The effects of alcohol are most deceptive. It seems to raise the temperature, it really lowers it; no alcohol is given in polar expeditions. It lowers the blood pressure, brings about a higher death rate in pneumonia and tuberculosis, devitalizes the tissues, and there is considerable evidence that it makes the body more susceptible to infectious diseases. Alcohol has no unique value in internal medicine, and no surgeon cares to operate on an alcoholic, for his chances of recovery are much reduced. As a group, drinkers do not live as long. That does not mean that every drinker is shortlived and every abstainer becomes a nonagenarian, but it does mean that the drinkers as a class do not live so long as the abstainers as a class. About 100,000 persons are rejected by the insurance companies every year in this country on account of alcoholic indulgence. This is about two per cent of those who apply. In the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. rejections for alcoholic indulgence increased from 1932 to 1936 by over 35%. High blood pressure, excessive use of liquor, and heart impairments rank one, two, and three in

While the physiological effects are serious, the mental effects are worse. Alcohol has been, as long as we know anything about it, a potent, exciting, if not predisposing, cause of insanity, and still is. There is hardly a dose small enough not to produce an effect upon mental functions, and this effect is bad from the standpoint of efficiency. Unfortunately, it is the highest mental functions which are first detrimentally affected. This is natural—the fine co-ordinations which are necessary for rational judgment, sustained attention, and considered control are the latest products of human development, and have not yet become stable; so any degeneration, either temporary or permanent, destroys these co-ordinations and their consequent products. The animal functions go next, and the vegetative functions, with which all life started, are most firmly entrenched and consequently least and last harmed.

Those human reactions, which we call moral, are dependent upon these high mental qualities and consequently easily deranged. While human beings rely as much for motive power on the instincts as any animals, the satisfactions of the instincts in animals are along a single pattern, direct and prescribed. With human beings it is different. Not only is there this same direct and prescribed pattern, but also secondary satisfactions are furnished by the intellect. The direction of instinctive



"A man should know

when he has had enough"—but evidently the drinking drivers responsible for this triple tragedy, above, did not know. And this is only one of the thousands of similar accidents caused by liquor

of the total admissions. In 1936, the third year of repeal, there were admitted 1374 alcoholic patients, which formed 4.27% of the total admissions. The women patients in 1936 were more than double the number of 1932, and a third of all house patients were alcoholics. These figures "represent only cases in which alcoholism was the presenting problem, and do not show the additional large group in which alcoholism accompanied other and more serious conditions." In 1933 the cost of

rendering people unable to pass insurance requirements, respectively accounting for 27%, 24% and 21% of all rejections. This is not a matter of sentiment: life insurance is a cold-blooded business proposition. W. S. Alexander, federal alcohol administrator, in his report to Congress this year said, "Advertising referring to the tonic, food or medicinal qualities of alcoholic liquors should be prohibited." He properly classifies beer among alcoholic beverages.

urges into the channels of secondary satisfactions which the intellect supplies, constitutes most of the actions which we call moral. When the intellect is prevented from functioning by any injury, illness, or drug, then there remains only the animal satisfactions, and the intoxicated person literally makes a beast of himself.

The deranged judgment shows itself in curious ways. Alcohol interferes with the performance of skilled movements, while the victim judges himself to be more skillful; it weakens his muscular powers while he considers himself stronger; it slows his reaction time, but he is sure he is speedier; he thinks himself to be witty, when he is only silly.

I have never been afraid of the drunken driver. He will soon run into a telegraph pole or precipitate himself into a ditch and eliminate himself from traffic. It is the drinking driver who is the menace, the

(Continued on page 42)



The assertion that it snows in Vermont seems to be correct, as this picture of the Gilbert homestead, taken in 1939, indicates

THE FARM

WE HAD rented a house now for seven years, ever since the rich mill owner had put us out of our rectory. During this time we had a fine garden and kept a few hens who kept us well supplied with eggs. Farm life gets into your bones once you've lived on a farm, for it is a way of life and not just an occupation. And when one has been at it for twenty years he can never get away from it. So we began to look around for a good farm where we might settle down for good. We read of one, advertised in the local paper, the owner of which had just died. I went to see the widow. She offered to sell for \$3500—that was for twenty-three acres of land, a good house and outbuildings. I looked the place over carefully, remembering father's advice: "If ever you buy a house, boys, go down in the cellar and look at the underpinning and look well to the water supply. A farm with stock takes a lot of water." So I looked for water first.

I found a brook just back of the barn, and I knew that brook would never run dry, for it started from the foot of a big reservoir not half a mile away. There was a good well on the farm, and the cellar was good enough—rather damp, but it had a drain. We knew it was low ground, but then you can't expect a brook to run on top of a mountain.

I asked the owner's son how long this property was, and he had an interesting answer. "I don't know how long it is in feet or yards, but if you start hoeing a row of potatoes lengthwise the farm on a hot day, you'll think it's long enough." He was right. It was forty rods long.

Mrs. Gilbert was as keen as I was to get out on that farm. She'd come from Washington, from a home out on Fourteenth Street N. W.; that may be in the

city now, but in her day it was out in the country; they had cows, pigs and chickens, as she called them (we call them hens in Vermont). So she packed with a vigor of joy, and at last we were ready to move.

We borrowed a lumber wagon and hitched our horse to it, and made three trips. I can still see the last load coming up the hill to the farmhouse. On the driver's seat sat Mother (she was "Moms" by this time) with two of the boys—George, Junior and Closson. Back of them rode Shelley, our eldest son, hanging onto the baby-carriage that held Sit, our youngest, with one hand and holding onto the screaming Sit with the other. The carriage teetered and rocked and threatened to go flying off into space with every turn of the wheels. That carriage, by the way, is in our attic right now, after being used to transport five Gilberts, and it's just as good as new. That's the way Moms takes care of things.

I drew three hundred dollars out of the bank to buy that farm; it was about all we had laid aside, but Mom's bad knee paid for the rest of it. Soon after our wedding she stepped on a rotten plank down at the railroad station and twisted that knee, and she collected for it, handsomely. Later, Moms got some legacy money, and we paid the balance. The taxes the first year were \$35. Last year

FORTY YEARS

A Country Preacher

By George B. Gilbert

[PART FOUR]

we paid \$135 taxes on the same place.

How we slaved on that farm! There was not a fence on it, and the land was run down. We drank all our milk and we soon had a route for our sweet butter and eggs and believe it or not, I found that the more I worked on that farm the more it helped my work in the church. It gave me so much in common with my farming parishioners, so much to talk about. We sang hymns, prayed, went to Holy Communion together, observed the Old New Testament Agape together and then in spirit farmed together during the week. It was glorious. It still is. I wouldn't swap it for all the city churches in the universe.

As we had a brook and a great deal of water, we went into geese. We bought a



Old Jerry, the wise and scrappy goose, is here carried by George Gilbert, Jr., although an adult, if a stranger, couldn't handle him



At left, above, is one of the girls the Gilberts took into their home and cared for while she recovered from an accident. At right, a family group, all Gilberts except the girl standing—left to right, George Jr., the Preacher himself, Closson, Mrs. Gilbert with Virginia, and Shelley

gander from a family that had moved up from New Jersey. His name was Jerry, and no one knew from whence he came, save that he had been raffled off in a saloon. Whether he learned bad tricks in that saloon or elsewhere I do not know, but he certainly had plenty of them. Yet one couldn't help liking him—he was so plaguy smart.

We wondered who kept leaving the gate open and letting out all the animals in the pasture. One day we set a watch over it. There was a latch on that gate that opened on one side, by pulling a string. Old Jerry led his flock right up to the gate, calmly took hold of the string and raised the latch.

Could the Faith be defended as well as he defended his two wives, there would never be any heresy trials. One day a city chap came out to buy a goose. Jer-

ry's favorite spouse was then sitting on a nest full of eggs. Jerry stood guard, of course, day and night. I told the city man that, if he would crawl in and get the sitting goose, he could have the goose and the eggs. He started, and I could see right off that Jerry's strategy was an attack from the rear. The city man never got his goose.

One day we heard a terrible yell that seemed to come from the front yard. Old Jerry had Closson, age four, by the seat of the pants, and he was running for his life towards the house. As Jerry grew older, we had to keep him shut up in a yard behind the house, as no stranger could approach if the gander saw him first. We enjoyed our geese, and they made perfect Christmas presents for all our city relation.

As my church work grew and there was

less time to fuss with goslings, we went out of geese. They were often troublesome; the city visitors around the house didn't seem to appreciate the nocturnal parades they staged, with Jerry marching ahead and calling the tune. So we let them go, with deep regret.

It makes a great deal of difference about how much farming a country minister can or should do, as to how many children he has and their ages. When my sons were in high school, they had the time to help around on the farm, and it did them good. Children will do better in their studies if they get plenty of outdoor exercise. And my children seemed to enjoy the farm.

But there is much to take into consideration with children on a farm. Children were never made to be sent out to work alone in the hot sun. The morning at the breakfast table is a good time to talk over the work of the day—what is best to be done after school, on Saturday, or any day during the vacation. Talked over it should be, *that's certain*. Sometimes the boys will say that it is pretty hot to hoe or do a cement job; then we plan something else for that day. Thus it has always been a partnership matter.

Then too, a boy is always hungry, terribly so, about eleven in the forenoon;

forenoons on a farm, somehow, are a great deal longer than the afternoons. I have never forgotten how hungry I used to get when I worked over at Ralph Hodges', during haying time, as a boy of fifteen. I had breakfast at six, then walked over a mile across lots, then worked, a regular man's work, till noon—I, a lanky growing boy. The last hour was sheer agony.

Fortunately, with my children, we always had good dinners and plenty of food. Usually the boys and I would take something up in the lot with us—a few sandwiches or crackers with homemade grape or elderberry juice. Having these and fifteen minutes in the shade at the end of the row made a tremendous difference in the afternoon slack. I shall never forget the look on little Clossie's face, one day when he was helping us pick up potatoes. He straightened up his little back and asked, "After we get 'em picked up, are we going to give 'em all away?" You

see, I gave away so many potatoes to the poor folks that even Clossie hated to pick potatoes he knew he'd never eat. Moms always begins to fret a little around mid-winter, lest the bin we have won't hold out. But it always does.

How could we have spared a single one of our children? Every stage of a child's life is so interesting. I haven't much patience with those who talk of children as "brats", or who refuse to give something out of their own selfish lives to bringing up youngsters. They're a lot of trouble, but they're worth it.

I think it must have been father who gave me the idea of taking in strangers. I remember one night he stayed up all night with a tough-looking stranger, for fear he might burn down the buildings; they sat in chairs by the old wood box until dawn. He claimed that never once in his life had he ever turned a stranger from his door, and I believe it. He took them in, even if he had to bed them down in the hay mow.

He took in one fellow with a long white beard who claimed he had been with Napoleon in Russia, and that he had suffered with "Bony" in that terrible retreat. Father gave him a broom and put him through an army drill; he knew it perfectly. He knew every last detail of the Russian campaign. "If it hadn't been so cold," he'd say, "Old Bony, he kill them, every one."

Once, right in the dead of winter, three college students came pounding on our door. Father took them in just for a meal and they stayed a week. This prolonged stay was the result of three things; there was a blizzard, so they couldn't travel; they had such a good time with father that they didn't want to leave anyway; and last but not least, father kidded them so much about their business that they just stayed on to get even with him. They were selling books.

The day they arrived one of them approached father with his nice little sales speech: "Sir, I have here a wonderful book. A book you must have, a book you need."

"What's it about?" asked father.

"Etiquette," replied the brash young man.

"You've insulted me," said father.

"Insulted you, sir? What do you mean?"

"Do you mean to say, sir," shouted father, "that my manners are so abominably bad that I need a book on *etiquette*?"

The boys hadn't thought of that. It seemed to take from them what little enthusiasm they had left for book-peddling. They never canvassed another soul.

So it came naturally to me to hang my latch-string outside. We took in a lot,

and we're still taking them in, and most of them have been boys. One morning soon after we were married and just before we moved out to the farm, the front door bell rang at six A. M. It takes a lot of Christian courage to answer the bell that time of day, but I hurriedly dressed and went down stairs. On the porch stood the town's bad boy with his mother. The mother shoved him in saying, "Here he is, Mr. Gilbert. I've tried for thirteen years to do something with him, but I give up." She ran down off the porch and left us there, looking at each other.

Well, we took him in, and soon he began to live up to his reputation. We never knew where he was, or what he was up to, or when he might come home. We never knew whether he would condescend to sleep in our house at night, or not. I talked the matter over with him and ex-

My Tapestry

A tapestry of promise is weaving in my loom,

The Creator of the pattern, today is making room,

For bright and radiant colors of promises divine . . .

He bids me take the blessed threads and make them, truly mine;

"As thy day thy strength shall be," *this* thread of gold, so strong,

Is weaving with the silver "He is my strength, my song";

A strand of royal purple brings "All sufficient grace."

Lo! Many threads are weaving now, in pattern finding place.

Dear Lord, guide well my shuttle,

May all my weaving be

True to the perfect pattern—

My promise tapestry.

Adah Lyle Kidder

plained that we couldn't go on that way, and he agreed—and became worse than ever. I might as well have been talking to my horse.

It took less than a week for things to come to a head. He had wandered off again with some of his old ne'er-do-well chums, not bothering to tell us where he was going. I drove into town to see if he had any record in the town court; he had. The papers were all made out to send him to reform school. So I decided then and there that a real impression had to be made on the young man. It turned out to be quite an impression, not only on him but on the kitchen floor. The dents in the floor, where his heels came down, are there to this day.

It may seem harsh to give any boy such a licking, yet I think that one scared him more than it hurt him. Sooner or later we have to learn that we just can't do as we please in this life—and the sooner we learn it, the better. I kept him in bed all the next day to think things over and ponder his future. We took food up to him, but not enough to distract his thoughts from the main business at hand.

Meanwhile Moms did her best to sew up the coat-collar on his jacket.

There never was any more trouble with that boy while he stayed with us. We got him a place on another farm, where he could work for his board and go to school, and he went to church with that family every Sunday. They found little fault with him. Later he went to the city and joined a Baptist Bible class; for years he was president of it. Spare the rod and spoil the child!

I was preaching one morning at the State Prison in Wethersfield. There were about six hundred inmates present. During my talk I said that if there was any man there without a place to go to when he got out, he could come to my home. It wasn't two weeks later that Moms glanced up from her ironing-board and saw a big fellow shuffling up the walk. She

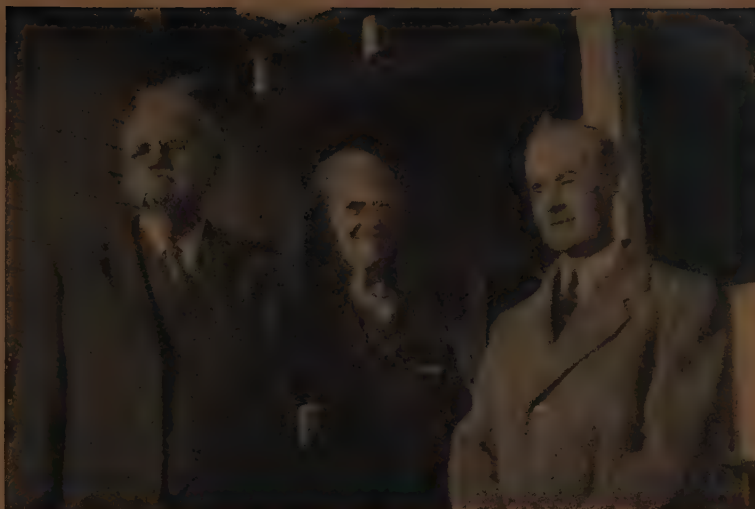
said the minute she saw him she knew where he came from. But she invited him in, just the same. Moms scolds a lot, but . . .

He sat there intently watching her iron and suddenly he asked her if he couldn't iron a shirt for her. She hesitated a bit, then decided he couldn't hurt my shirts very much anyway, and she gave in. He did one of the best jobs on that shirt that Moms had ever seen; he'd worked in the prison laundry, and he knew his business. That laundering experience didn't work against him when we began to debate as to whether we'd keep him or not. He came in August and stayed till the next January. This man had been sent to prison several times; he'd done a total of eleven years behind the bars. Yet we never locked anything up, or

put anything away, while he was with us. He had a bed on the back porch with our boys and he worked with them on the farm during the day, having the time of his life. And he helped me at the church, mightily.

One night I still had a job to do at the church. The church stove smoked so much that it was driving me nearly crazy; you just can't talk of heaven in a room full of smoke. Once before I had located a squirrel's nest in the pipe, so I took my ex-convict and a heavy eighteen-foot piece of tractor chain, drove twenty miles to the church and got to work. One or the other of us had to go down a rope from the belfry to the ridgepole, then go nearly the whole length of the building to the chimney, carrying the chain with him. He picked up the chain without waiting for me to ask him to do it, and started out along the ridgepole in the howling wind and bitter cold. I was worried about him, but he made it. He got out to the chimney and found that the chain would go down only a few feet; there was a squirrel's nest, sure enough, about four feet down. (Continued on page 57)

Anna French Johnson, center, with her husband, Rev. Oliver C. Johnson, left, at Penney Farms, Florida. At right is Rev. T. Aird Moffat, a friend



By ANNA
FRENCH
JOHNSON

WE WHO belong to the grandparent class today are puzzled and embarrassed. At first, when we realized that science was helping us to live longer than our parents had, we rejoiced. But already our elation has turned to apology; for everywhere we turn we are told that this new longevity of ours is a grave national menace.

Our persistence in living, plus the declining birthrate, has already changed the composition of the population. The number of children is lessening, both actually and relatively; and the number of the aged is increasing.

We, the elderly, have come to be feared as a power in politics and dreaded as a problem in the home. We don't mind being a power, but we hate being A Problem. We seldom defend ourselves in print, because most of us are inarticulate with a pen; but we rebel hotly in conversation over the calm statements made about us by those who seem to imagine that they themselves will remain permanently in the "prime of life." Yet the uncomfortable fact remains that much of what this annoying younger generation says about us is true, resent it as we may; and that although science has helped us to live longer, it has not devised ways to make our added years worth living.

The past offers few suggestions on how to avoid being a problem. There always seemed to be a grandmother in every household hunched beside the great Colonial fireplace over her quilt blocks or her knitting; or a reminiscent grandfather driving cows up the lane at milking time. We gather that they constituted a problem even then. For the axiom, "No roof is wide enough to shelter two families," was not coined in *this* generation.

Going back even farther to New Testament times, we get the idea that "Peter's wife's mother" ran things in bumptious Peter's household. Don't you recall that she had a spell of fever which was miraculously cured by a visiting friend of Peter's? And that immediately after, she rose up from her couch and began to get supper for the men? I've always wondered if she didn't also plan meals that were "good for" Peter, and tell him just where to set his sandals.

The chief difference between former times and our own is that today there are

so many more of us elderly folks. So, unless we change our methods of living and thinking, it looks as though the worst prophecies of the press will be fulfilled. We shall turn this world into a rigid, overcautious, fearful-of-change sort of a place to live.

Because the young are more important than we, with their lives yet to be lived, we must be the ones to change, to do the adapting. We must become a younger old than any generation that has gone before. This does not mean a straining after synthetic youthfulness by means of hair dye or toupees; it does not mean tagging after young people all the time—old sheep playing at being lambs. It does mean cultivating a youthful viewpoint, one that looks forward and not back; it means desiring to live one's own life, to be a personality in one's own right, without coddling the unpleasant features of one's ego.

Perhaps the surest sign of old age is the willingness to live vicariously, to relinquish all first-hand experiences, and to cling like a leech to the lives of those younger than we are.

The only way for us to grow old agreeably is to insist upon maintaining our own entities by living independently. The spacious one-family house is becoming obsolete today. The only "spare" that this generation knows is a tire and not a bedroom. These smaller quarters of our younger relatives mean that we oldsters must plan some happier way of living than to squeeze ourselves into their cramped circle.

The time is past for self-centered mothers to wail on the shoulders of competent daughters: "We must not be separated—I just couldn't bear it!" . . . Nonsense!

We ought to be separated and we can bear it. Let us not spoil the decent job of child-rearing which we did when our children were little by ruining their lives when they are grown. Let our business-women daughters have their apartments in peace. Let our married children bring up their children without our interference.

Let them, instead of moving into larger quarters to take us in, help us to rent a room by ourselves some place else. If we have savings, small pensions and the like, all good and well. If we are penniless, having invested our savings in our children's educations, let the children join together in helping us achieve a happy independence in our old age.

If we can afford it, we can establish ourselves in family hotels; if not, a pleasant life awaits us in the splendidly administered homes for the aged which are maintained in every State.

We may not like the idea or the place at first. But think of the satisfaction of complaining to a *hired* listener when things do not go to suit us. Besides, there is a certain enjoyment to be found in friction with one's own generation, where our vagaries are not criticized merely because they are those of the old. Each age has its annoying traits—the messiness of babyhood, the "ornariness" of childhood, the willfulness of youth, the bossiness of maturity. Yet none of these draws fire like the muddled performances of the old. So let us stay with our contemporaries.

Family relationships may be the most heart-warming ties on earth—God set the solitary in families—but those ties must not be drawn too tightly or they snap. However much we may love each other, there is an unbridgeable chasm between

We the Bewildered Old



the generations. Our occupations, our interests, our enthusiasms, are not the same. Yet, paradoxically, all ages need each other. But the less we older ones seem to demand of our children in terms of duty, the more they will lavish upon us in terms of love.

The fact remains that the initiative in solving the problems of adjustment between the generations must be taken by us elders. If it is absolutely necessary for us to live under the roof of a near relative, we should insist upon having a kitchenette in our room with a screen around it, so that we may have the equivalent of a small apartment. This insistence will cause us to be greatly beloved. Slight plumbing additions can usually be achieved in the average modern home to complete the apartment plan.

What fun to fix food the way we like it, to use our "company" things every day, to read and sing and whistle at the table, and to offer a cup of tea to our own afternoon callers. What freedom not to have to conform to the ways and talk of the folks down stairs. (Now, don't write in and tell me you're bed-ridden!)

If I seem to imply that the elderly occupant of this home-within-a-home is likely to be feminine, that is the case. Women live longer than men, and the average woman is younger than her husband. An elderly widower is likely to remarry at once; whereas, an elderly widow seldom has the opportunity. So the result is that it is usually a mother-in-law and not a father-in-law who must avoid being a problem.

Perhaps nowhere have we been so maligned by the younger generation as in their assertion that we like to "interfere" in the bringing up of their children. Most of us, if we are completely honest, ask nothing more than to be spared a second ordeal of child-rearing. We went through it once; now we are weary of its confusion, its inevitable controversies, its everlasting keeping-at-it. We are graduated. Separate living quarters will be a blessing to all three generations.

One of the best ways to keep from being a problem is to be busy and enthusiastic about our own pursuits. That means selecting a hobby which we can follow with eager interest—not the hour that Mrs. Mallory gets her sheets on the line Monday mornings, or whether or not Mrs. Hicks' hair is naturally that shade—but something impersonal and absorbing.

Take archaeology, for instance. Inquiring into the lives of people who lived in Ur of the Chaldees before young Abram walked its streets will keep us from hounding Philip and Margaret and Janet about every move they make.

There are so many lovely things one can do with both mind and hands. A certain great-grandmother makes beautiful hooked rugs from authentic Colonial designs, and has absorbed an amazing lot of history in her search for new patterns. An elderly friend of mine became a successful commercial photographer late in life. Another is an antique dealer who collects costumed dolls from all coun-

tries and ages, and has published a book about them. Others have turned to writing. As long as we are physically active, nothing equals church work for sheer satisfaction, because it affects the development of youth.

Young people will respect our minds if they show any fruitage. It is the mental barrenness of the old that is tiresome. It requires as great an effort on the part of the young to be interested in the past as it does for us to live in the future. But since we are the ones who are making the adjustments and are trying to become a younger old, we can at least strive for a middle ground—that of looking forward in the light of our knowledge of the past.

To be attractive to youth, we must talk less. Garrulous, they call us. It is not

with the family when they have to take care of you. Don't assume that illness is a sacred prerogative of old age. Our ailments are no worse, nor much more frequent than those of other ages. Let's not act as though we thought them remarkable.

Probably nothing is so responsible for the opprobrium heaped upon us as our appearance. Youth is its own adornment. We who are old must make an effort to be pleasant to the eye. There is no virtue in looking like an old grey rat. I am not contradicting my warning against synthetic youthfulness. A beautifully groomed elderly woman is not aping youth—she is merely enhancing age. The beauty parlors are particularly for us. White hair and discreetly flushed cheeks are charming.

Refuse to cling, with passionate elderly egotism, to the styles of your youth. We have become hardened enough, I believe, by the overfrank warnings of the advertisements, to bring up the matter of odors. We who are older must be meticulously clean first, and then lavish afterwards with talcums and scents.

Watch out for overweight. I know from sad experience that clothes cost more and doctor bills mount when one carries too many pounds around.

But if we are to be truly a younger old, we must go deeper than these surface things and achieve a young spirit. Recently the editor of a well-known boys' magazine warned writers against futility and despair in their stories. "Futility and despair are the diseases of age, not youth," he said.

We who are old know that life is never entirely free from tragedy. But if we are a wise old, we know also how to meet it. Let youth turn to us when it is in need of bravery, of peace, of faith. If we have claimed our old-age pension of happiness as the reward for the life we have lived, we shall never be victims of "futility and despair."

As we near the farther boundary of life, the most pitiable figure among us is the one who clings feverishly to today and refuses to look forward to tomorrow. I have never known a lovable old person—and I have known many—who did not cherish a definite anticipation of a life ahead. Without it, we have little to lean upon ourselves, and less to offer as a strength to others.

It will not be easy—this learning to be a younger old, a wiser old, a more lovable old. It will take a lot of will power. But we have shown plenty of stubbornness throughout the years toward others; let us use some of it on ourselves now. The results will be worth the trouble. For if we succeed, although the old may be on the increase, this will not be an old world, for we who live long will be young. Young in our eager looking ahead; but old and wise because of all the lessons we have learned as we walked the long path that lies behind us. Young in our interests, our enthusiasms and our humor; but old in gentleness, wisdom, and fortitude. And we shall cease to be that dread thing—a Problem.

Building A House

Dear Lord, I pray that I may be
Like the wise man of Galilee,
Who built his house upon the rock
Where it withstood the mighty shock
Of winds and waves and storms of sea
Upon the shores of Galilee.

Oh let me not, on shifting sands,
Misplace the labor of thy hands;
But let me build my puny life
That it withstand the storm and strife,
And from temptations ever flee,
Ere they have chance to conquer me.

By VIRGINIA LEACH BALLOU

that we actually do talk more than they, but they do not want to listen to us; they want to do the talking themselves. So the sooner we become good listeners, the better for our popularity.

The really beloved old are the ones with funny-bones; the Creator put so many things into the world to tickle them. The best way for young and old to view life together is through the lens of humor. The young Galilean Jesus, barely past his twenties, was plainly teasing his hostess—though devout readers have always seemed to take it with ponderous seriousness—when he said, "Martha, Martha, don't be troubled about so many things—" (don't try to be formal with me; I've tramped these roads up and down too many times to be fussy when I can stop for a few hours in a quiet, cool home like this. Sit down here a few moments like Mary, and catch your breath!)


Laugh, and youth laughs with you. When you miss the admiration that was once accorded you, try joking a little and see the sudden return of interest. The world has had reason to expect older people to be carping, self-centered, and dull. Surprise them! Especially if you are sick, be humorous. It will be a blessed relief to harassed nurses and doctors. Keep it up

"THE LAZY MAN FINDS LIFE BESET
WITH THORNS."—PROVERBS 15:19.



LAZINESS

A Sermon by C. Oscar Johnson

 "I WISH I were some rich man's dog with only one pig to run." So spoke a boyhood playmate of mine many years ago, in the summertime when the sun shone hot and the corn rows were long and the work tiresome. He expressed, I believe, the thought most of us then had. Our hope seemed to be for a day to come when we would have to work no more. My father seemed to have a different idea, for he said work was what made us strong and healthy. As I remember, he saw to it that we had plenty of opportunities to become healthy. He put into a story one day his idea of a lazy man. He told us of a man who was known as the laziest man in the neighborhood. Many efforts had been made to get him to work enough, at least, to support his wife and children, all to no avail. As a last resort it was decided to bury him alive. The day came and the wagon pulled up to his gate. He was told what they had come for and he made no effort to resist when they picked him up and carried him to the wagon. As they drove on toward the cemetery, they passed the house of a neighbor who asked where they were going. The reply was that this man was so lazy he was no good to his family, no good to his neighborhood and no good to himself, so they were on their way to bury him alive. The neighbor tried to dissuade them from their purpose. Said he, "I'll give him a bushel of corn." At this remark the lazy one simply turned his head a little and asked, "Is it shelled?" The friend answered "No, it is not shelled." "Then," said he, "Drive on your wagon." That little story made an impression on me and to this day I think its lesson lingers with me.

Laziness is not confined to any one race or location. It is a temptation of most men to be as lazy as they can and still live. Most of us are dreaming of a time when we will be able to "take it easy." As I write these lines, I am at one of America's well known watering spas, sent here by physicians who agreed that I must do this if I am to carry on my work. Almost the last word they said to me was "Now go down there and be lazy, just as lazy as you can be." Here I am working at "being lazy" and if you won't tell the doctors or my deacons, I'll tell you that so far I'm finding it to be very hard work to be lazy.

Last summer I came across a book entitled "The Wisdom Of Laziness," and the author makes out a very good and rather humorous case for laziness, and proves to his satisfaction and, to others I am sure, that it is wisdom to be lazy. I can-

not but feel however that with the generally accepted use of the word we can have no place for it in our program of life. Rest and relaxation are not synonymous with laziness. The words of the text from Proverbs are more nearly correct, I believe, "The lazy man finds life beset with thorns." It is a vice of the human race—a subtle and serious vice. It seems so innocent and harmless and yet its results may prove disastrous. The ranks of gamblers and crooks are often filled by men who wanted a living without working for it. Seeking the luxury of laziness they need funds to make it possible. They ultimately found the proverb to be correct. "The lazy man finds life beset with thorns."

Certainly there is no place in the life of Jesus for laziness. There is no place in His program, either, for a lazy follower. Work is the key to His Kingdom. "My Father worketh and I work." "We must work the works of Him that sent me." "Look on the fields, they are white already unto the harvest." "Pray ye therefore to the Lord of the harvest that He will thrust forth laborers into His harvest." "Work while it is day for the night cometh when no man can work." So neither by His example nor by His teachings does He give any place to it. He recognized the need to get away and rest a while but no hint of laziness there. His blessed invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," is often quoted without proper emphasis being given to the "ye that labor."

The lazy man's life is beset with the thorn of *poverty*. Nothing is more evident than this. Food is necessary to life here on this earth and, since the days of the garden, man is to eat bread by the sweat of his brow. Pure laziness has been responsible for much of the poverty we see around us today. With laziness goes the rest of the brood: carelessness, shiftlessness, and the like. It may seem easy now to have things provided without working for them, but ere long the time comes when the thorns of hunger and cold and want begin to prick deeply the one who practices the luxury of laziness. John Smith had it right, away back in the beginning of this country, "He who does not work shall not eat." Work and eat have gone pretty close together all the days.

His life is beset by the thorn of *ignorance*. "Burning the midnight oil" has been an expression about a student for many years. It is still true. Physical laziness is not the only kind. Mental laziness is just as prevalent, if not more so.



REV. CHARLES OSCAR JOHNSON, St. Louis' dynamic, two-fisted, Baptist preacher, whose fearless crusades against gambling and corruption have made him a national figure

No sharper thorns can prick us than those along the path of mental laziness. Thinking is arduous work. Not many are doing it today. Radio and picture magazines are creating more mental midgets. Our history, geography, agriculture, and in fact all courses, are coming to us now, in predigested fifteen minutes, over the radio. We are in great danger of becoming lazy in our thinking, only to have the thorn of our own ignorance prick us to tears when we have to say, shame-facedly, "I do not know." "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," is the admonition of Scripture, but it is well to bear in mind that no magic formula has been given whereby we learn the truth while we lounge on the piazza in an afternoon siesta. The Scriptures also teach us to "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Our teacher told us in the Seminary that some men would go well for a time and then they would start the decline because they were too lazy to study. The pulpit has suffered much from the men who evidently thought the ministry was an easy job or, in the parlance of the times, a "snap." The truth is the world has about that same idea—preaching is easy, not work; just play around and go to a few teas and women's meetings and that was all there was to it. The lazy preacher will certainly find his life beset with thorns.

He will find his life beset by the thorns of *spiritual drought*. Herein lies the secret of the sad plight of many, and also the key to the success of many others. It is so easy to be lazy spiritually. So many in the church think they are enjoying that luxury today. It requires effort to develop spiritually, just as it does physically. Here again Jesus sets us a good example. His days were filled with physical exertion and exhaustion, but so great was His

(Continued on page 46)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



A FIVE-POINT PLAN FOR PEACE

This is not a program for mediation between warring states but a proposed five-point Peace Plan for the United States.

1. A world state for the administration of world affairs, without prejudice to the sovereignty of member states or interference with their internal affairs. This would include protective police powers.
2. Renunciation of colony ownership by any single nation or empire; administration of mandates and colonies by a world state or within collective responsibility and for the interest primarily of so-called "backward peoples."
3. Opening of economic frontiers with free access to raw materials and natural resources.
4. Recognition of the tariff principle, not merely to maintain higher living standards, but also to lift lower living standards wherever found.
5. A coalition peace commission, made up of the country's best minds, irrespective of party affiliation, named by the President and working with him to prepare and present America's Peace Plan.

Peace has a price. Every nation should be ready to pay a just share of that price. The United States, as the most powerful noncombatant state, has a unique opportunity to lead the way toward peace. Without prejudice to any state, without immediately, at least, suggesting mediation to warring states, and without delay, the United States could and should consider the sacrificial basis upon which this country would cooperate with other peoples to achieve a just and lasting world peace. The President would have practically the unanimous support of his fellow-countrymen were he to appoint such an advisory council as *Christian Herald* here recommends. Even now a number of peace groups are thinking constructively in this broad field.

CHRISTIAN HERALD invites the comments and suggestions of its readers. May we hear from you.

PLEASE SIGN AND FORWARD TO

Editor, CHRISTIAN HERALD
419 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

- I FAVOR THE PLAN AS OUTLINED ☐
MY SUGGESTIONS ARE ATTACHED ☐
I AM OPPOSED TO SUCH A PLAN ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

Walker Buckner 1871-1939

TODAY we are reminded that character is the principal thing, that at the end it is not what we have but what we are that matters. Now character is both an inheritance and an achievement. Its qualities are borne upon the blood stream of the race. We are the children of our fathers and have their likeness. Their sign is upon us. But we ourselves must work out an immortal destiny.

To live worthily is to love, to believe, and to serve. My friend, Walker Buckner, loved, and believed, and served. I came to know him in the decade immediately following the world war and when his success was already established. I watched him serve the interests of the American churches in Paris and Berlin, as he identified himself with many other worthy causes, and as he came into honors at home and abroad. As steadily he rose into yet greater business responsibility he did not forget the faith of his fathers. He was an American citizen with international vision and he worshiped the constant and universal Christ. His voice and spirit rebuked intolerance. He believed in America and was the foe only of those who would destroy the institutions of her freedom.

Now his earthly sun is set and there shall be for us a loneliness in the places of friendship where we entered together. We are today an intimate, great company of those who sorrow with the bereft loved ones of his heart.

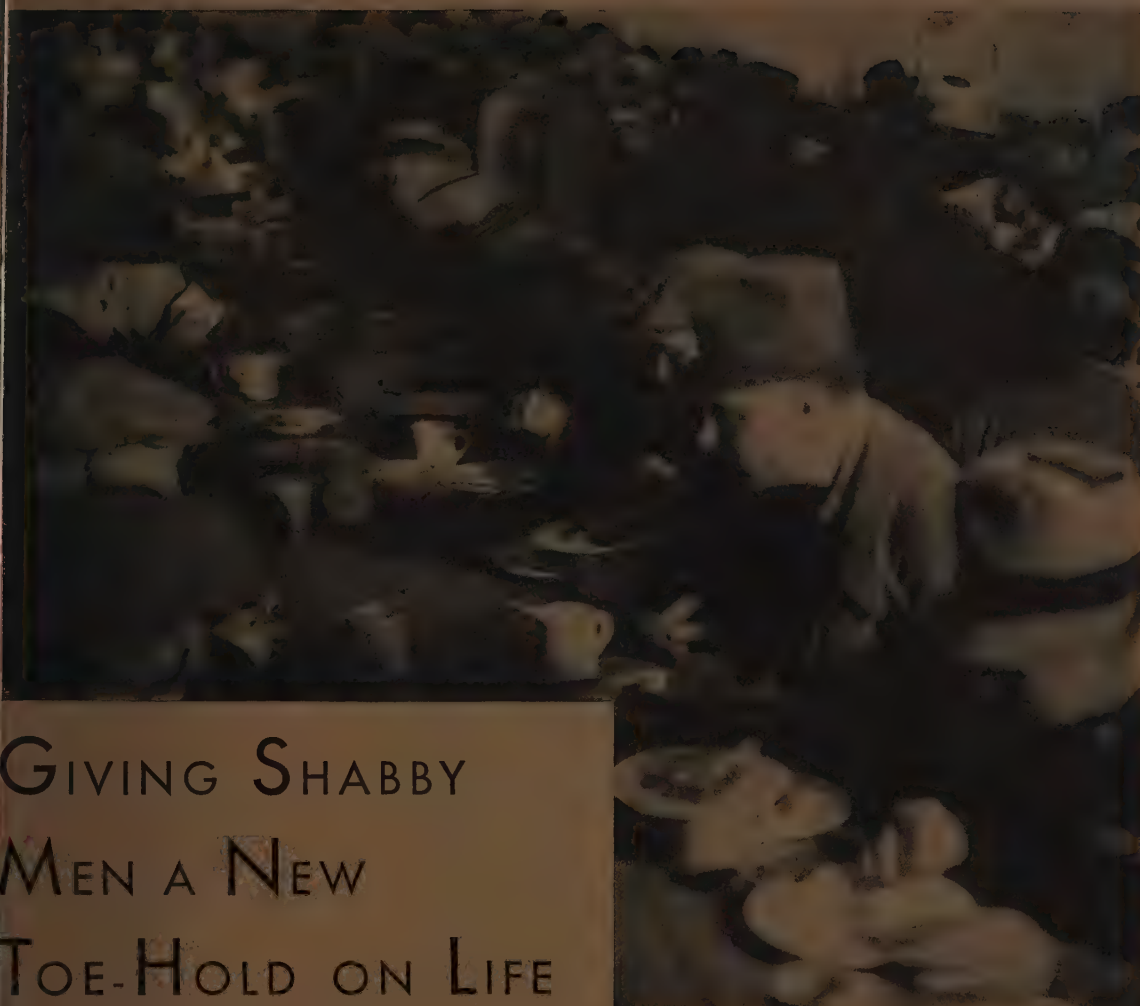
Oh, men and women that which is most sublime is not a mountain, or a river, or an ocean; nor a cataclysmic storm that crashes midnight into day; nor a sunset that kindles the horizon and sets the world aflame. That which is most sublime is a life—a life that little children have trusted, that men and women have honored, and in which has centered the love of wife, of sons, of kindred, and of friends. Here is the masterpiece of God, human personality of infinite worth, an immortal soul destined not to die but to live and achieve forever.

D. A. P.

The Rediscovery of Sin

ONE of the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century is the rediscovery of sin. There has been a growing disposition on the part of the socially high and mighty, as well as with humbler folk, to reinstate the little word of three letters. Following the Great War, we pretty generally clothed ourselves with self-righteousness or put on the garment of pride. We talked about complexes and inhibitions; freedom to explore our own souls; and experience, experience to the last and even the worst. We said, "Human nature is both human and natural—and let us be humans to the farthest." The word "sin" passed out of the vocabulary. Sin was made a respectable traveling companion, and flaming youth with redhot old age went arm in arm toward what the old-fashioned once called perdition, but which we rechristened "self-expression."


Now that the guns have grown hungry again, now that another tragic cycle has been completed, we are remembering that "pride goeth before fall," and that whatever sin may be called, the wage of the thing itself is still and forever—death.



GIVING SHABBY MEN A NEW TOE-HOLD ON LIFE

By Janet Mabie

Thanksgiving Dinner at the Bowery Mission

 THERE is a park across from the building in which I live. You who live in the country, where there are rolling meadows, and tree-clad hillsides, wouldn't think it was much. To tell you the truth, it isn't. There is a periodic to-do about digging up the sods, spreading them with loads of loam and fertilizer and grass seed—but it never comes to much. It is still a pretty tired-looking park. But anyway, it is a park; quite a famous one, in fact, even though it isn't much to look at.

Well, late Thanksgiving night—the first Thanksgiving night—I was out walking in the park, with the dog. There is plenty of light in the park and sometimes I take a ball out with me so the dog can play a little before he goes to sleep. The ball has a bell inside it, and I can tell where it is in the dark, if the dog gets puppyish and wanders off after something else. Well, anyway, I flung the ball along one of the cement walks, and the dog tore after it. He brought up with a bang against the legs of a man sprawled on one of the benches.

The night was cold, with a thin, moaning wind. The moon rode high and blinding bright, and there were lots of stars. But it was cold. Cold. I had a cashmere sweater on under a heavy coat and, even flinging the ball for the dog, I was cold.

This man on the bench would have been cold—if he hadn't been too drunk to be much of anything but an inert human form. When the dog dashed against his legs, flying after the ball, I expected him to wake up, roar at us—maybe threaten us. Because it was cold, and he was drunk, and it was Thanksgiving night and probably, even though his mind was disordered with drinking, there was something he could remember which, coming to mind when he was jogged awake rudely, would make him desperate and angry.

He stirred slightly. He opened his eyes. I whistled the dog. He looked at the dog. The dog looked at him—and at me—doubtfully. I whistled him along. The man mumbled something, I don't know what. It wasn't a threat, I think—just something. . . .

Trying to appear unconcerned, not at all afraid, I started back with the dog. I could see the silhouette of the hallboy, standing under the light, waiting to open the door for us. I could see across a corner of the park the reassuring white top of a radio police car. But I wasn't really afraid. I used to cover Police, on a newspaper—and if I couldn't manage to be a reasonable match for one frail old drunk. . . .

Suddenly I knew—he had got up from the bench and was coming along behind us. The dog knew. His tail had been wagging, and it stopped. He hadn't begun to growl but he would if it were necessary.

I heard the drunk's feet slip-slipping along the walk. I will not say I couldn't feel a pulse beating in my throat, because I could. I took a firmer hold on the dog's leash.

The drunk shambled up, even with me, on the walk.

"You wouldn't think," he said slowly, quite distinctly, unusually distinctly for a man as drunk as he was.

"Looka me!" he said, with a kind of

Don't you think there is something good and worth helping in a man who shares his Bowery Mission dinner with his dog? Miss Mobie thought so, and so did the N.Y. Herald-Tribune, which took the picture below



Pictures, Inc.

frank honesty. "I hada chance to get Thanksgivin' dinner down on the Bowery—at that Mission—the Bowery Mission—St. John. . . ." he began to run his words together a little, as though the drink had suddenly begun to weave through his brain again. "An' wha' you think I done! I—I got drunk—'stead o' goin'—where I'd a had—Thanksgivin' dinner!"

I didn't say anything. I tried to look polite. Interested, in case it would infuriate him if I didn't. I didn't need to say anything because he had something still to say. "Know why I got drunk? Last Thanksgivin'—hada home—wife—kids—job. This year—looka me! I ain't any good any more. But—they ast me to Thanksgivin' dinner—they *did*—down th' Bowery Miss'—" I wonder if I imagined it, or if, really, his shoulders squared slightly, just for an instant, as a man who was saying within himself, "I can't be all through, or they wouldn't have asked me to have Thanksgiving dinner at the Mission—St. John. . . ."

Over his shoulder, beyond him, I could see the hallboy, attentive, at the front door. I think he was watching to see if I was being bothered, in which case he

would come across the street to investigate.

"Tomorrer—" the man mumbled less distinctly now—"tomorrer gonna ask St. John to give me—stamp—letter to my folks—I didn't want to be drunk—Thanksgivin' Day—nobody—no job—no folks near—" And he wavered off into the darkness. If he kept on in the direction he was going, he would bring up at the Bowery Mission, for it isn't far. If he hadn't gone to the mission for dinner, they'd still give him a bed for the night, if he went back—

Well the next morning I found a picture in the *Herald-Tribune*. It wasn't a complex picture—just a very simple one. It had three men in it, and a dog. The backs of two of the men were turned to the cameramen. But you could see they were poor, and old, and discouraged, that their clothes were thin and that if they were going to have any Thanksgiving dinner someone had to give it to them. The third man—a somehow weird, unkempt, shaggy figure—was facing the camera. And there was something wonderful in his face. Kind, humane, not selfish, cold, apathetic. He was bent over a little. Holding a bone down to his dog to gnaw! The

cutline under the picture said it had been taken at the Bowery Mission on Thanksgiving Day, and that the man remembered Thanksgiving for his dog too. . . .

These two things have no special relation one to the other. But I cite them because some of you may be wondering—with all the increasing multiplicity of demands in the world to relieve poverty, and distress and now the cruelties incident to another war—whether, after all, the Bowery Mission can keep its place in giving, when there are so many other—worthy too, so worthy—things that need contributing to.

Well, I think, yes, it must. You see, the Bowery Mission is the shabby man's church—one of the very few churches the shabby man has—and it just can't be spared. For a special reason. Some of you may find the reason a little dreadful. But it is valid. Oh so valid. You see, when the shabby man walks down the aisle of the Bowery Mission chapel, he is *at home*, because he is with *other shabby men*.

I imagine very few of us could, for the first time—as this man I saw in the park was sorry now that he hadn't done—take our Thanksgiving dinner alone, adrift, at the hand of strangers in a shabby men's church, without its striking a kind of terror to our hearts. It's a dreadful thing, to have the Bowery of New York the only place that will receive you; dreadful, that is, until you know of the Mission, and how much *less* dreadful the Mission is able to make what might be sheer, unvarnished horror.

I never go down there without feeling that, wedged in as it is among lowering buildings, just below an elbow of the rattling Elevated—the Bowery Mission is really an Oasis. Not, heaven knows, that any sun gets in at it. The Bowery is a place of shadows which never seem to lift—except within the Mission itself. That's one reason, I think, why we have to be so glad that there is such a place as the Bowery Mission—such a man as St. John—for, otherwise, what would the Bowery do for relief from the dreadful grey that pervades it, sticking to the walls so you can almost feel it, a strange, chill, grim greyness that makes the Bowery seem off the beaten track of Time itself?

Well, the man in the park said he'd been asked to Thanksgiving dinner at the Mission; and then I saw this picture, with the three men who had been asked to Thanksgiving dinner there and who had, unlike him, accepted. And I began to think about all the other dinners the Bowery has been giving the Shabby Men—with the good help of *Christian Herald* readers—for such a long, long time. And I asked some questions about the number of dinners. The amounts of food. And the number and amounts of other things.

Do you know how much Thanksgiving dinner cost, to provide for one of the Shabby Men? Twenty-three cents. Think of it! Twenty-three cents. That isn't much, is it? Yet it bought everything for that dinner that ever you or I have had for traditional Thanksgiving dinner ever since we were small enough to have to sit on the dictionary to reach up and eat it. The twenty-three cents bought fresh ham, creamed potatoes, turnips, creamed onions, green peas, celery, applesauce, bread and butter, and pie and coffee. It makes

difference on Thanksgiving—especially you've always had a home, and a job, and your family around you—to have apesauce and celery, when you have to have Thanksgiving dinner, among Shabby Men, alone, away from everything you now and love, yourself a Shabby Man.

By the time you who read this do read Thanksgiving and Christmas both will have become one more holiday season in memory. But there will be men on the Bowery who cannot afford to forget so quickly. Because Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners at the Bowery Mission will have been the only normal reminders of their own once-normal lives that they have, and they must cling to them as long as they can. Do you know how much it will have cost to give each of the Shabby Men a Christmas dinner? Twenty-seven cents. Four cents more than Thanksgiving dinner. "That's because it's to be a real turkey dinner with all the trimmings."

Now I have been in newspaper work a long time, and, like all newspaper reporters, I have been broke. So broke that I had to choose which meal, in a day, I would eat. Splurge on dinner, you might say—with all my thirty cents! Or have two meals—fifteen cents each. You get very thoughtful about what to buy with thirty cents, if that is all you have to spend for food. You think quite a little while, and sometimes the man at the counter or in the restaurant looks sharply at you and tries to hide his human understanding under a gruff—"Hey—you're holding up the line."

Well, down at the Bowery Mission they give the Shabby Men a meal on ordinary days that costs ten cents. A good meal. Hot. The kind that will stick to their ribs. Meat in the stew, and gravy that isn't dishwater, and vegetables, and bread, and coffee. Ten cents! It's wonderful what the workers at the Bowery Mission have learned to do with your dimes, in the way of meals for the Shabby Men. If you could see for yourselves, just once, you'd know beyond all doubt that, no matter how many new demands there are—war sufferers, refugees, Red Cross, the poor and grievously discouraged and disinherited of your own communities—the Bowery Mission must never run out of dimes for meals and the other urgent necessities for the Shabby Men.

They have a belief down at the Bowery Mission. It is a simple belief. Dreadfully clear in its meaning. Fearfully true. It is just this. "When a body starves, the soul is in danger."

We who are reasonably cushioned against the major shocks of life like to think that a man's material needs and his soul, his spirit, are separate and distinct. One is, well, material, animal; the other that wonderfully intangible thing, the spiritual. Don't you believe it! Did you

ever go to church and try to lift your heart to God when you'd been wakeful all night from a bad headache, or something that worried you? Well! You found your thoughts wandering, didn't you? How much more do you think it is hard for a man or woman, hungry, lost, alone—as most of the people on the Bowery are, God pity them!—to see through to God, when, inside, they're hungry, just plain hungry! It's a mean feeling—being hungry. It makes everything look different from the way it should look. And different, not in a way that makes hope seem even sensible, but in a dreadful, foreshortened way, that makes you wonder what you go on for—what reason there can be—why—why—why—when there seems to

when they are full of the darkness, the depression that seeps in an actual vapor from the bodies of tired, discouraged, hopeless men. St. John thinks—and I am sure he is right—that he will have given the shabby men a toe-hold on life again when he has seen to it that there were facilities for shaving, for washing and mending their clothes, for bathing, for having their hair cut, for disinfecting clothes old and verminous, for repairing shoes that have been worn through in the eternal necessity of just keeping moving—moving—moving. . . . You see the Shabby Men don't have to know, always, where they're going, but they do have to keep moving. And that wears your shoes through—especially the kind of shoes you're apt to have on your feet if you've become one of the Shabby Men.

In the year 1938, 139,157 men attended 524 religious services in the Chapel. From time to time I have gone down there and sat through one of those services. I can't say it has ever been an out-and-out pleasant experience for me. It makes me feel like lead. I think there is something a little mistaken about tolerating that line of reasoning, though. I ought to feel only a great elation in the fact of the Bowery Mission, and what it does. But it is hard to sit there, and look down into the faces of the grey, shabby men, and to think why, in a country such as this has become, any such grey army is either necessary, or possible. But I can tell you one thing. I should feel a good deal more depressed if I knew that the Bowery Mission might ever go out of existence.

Of course I know it won't. I know you people, who have taken care of it for so long, will not let it. It takes a lot of money, and money seems somehow to come hard these days. But there has always been enough for the Bowery Mission. Not but what St. John couldn't have done with a lot more. But there has been enough, not only to keep going the fundamental work started so long ago, but to establish new departures. For instance, they never used to serve the men breakfast who had had beds for a night's sleep at the Mission. But they've changed that. Now they give a man bread or doughnuts and coffee in the morning before he leaves.

We were sitting around talking about the Mission the other day at *Christian Herald* offices. Just in the casual way a few people who know about an important thing, will turn it over between them, discussing its various aspects. And someone said, "You know, that thing about having started giving the men bread and coffee for breakfast before they go, to hunt work, or whatever they do during the day—it's funny we never thought about it before—provided, somehow, for it—because—why it's (Continued on page 48)

FOR HOME and FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

FOR many years we have had a fund to enable us to send *Christian Herald* to missionaries. From every corner of the world we have received pleas for copies of our magazine; in recent years these pleas have come to us from our home missionaries serving Christianity right here in America. You who love your *Christian Herald* will not have a hard time realizing what it means to have the help and comfort of its pages.

To a missionary in far China, Turkey, India, *Christian Herald* means not only help in his and her work, but contact with home; and the missionary in America is equally hungry for the things we can give him in our pages. In the true sense of the word, *Christian Herald* can become a missionary to missionaries—your messenger of cheer and comfort in a world sadly lacking in these qualities.

Because we believe in this service, we will contribute one dollar toward every home and every foreign subscription for which our readers contribute: it costs three dollars a year to send *Christian Herald* to foreign addresses; home subscriptions cost \$2 a year. Will you help us send *Christian Herald* for one year to one hundred missionaries who are laboring for Christianity in His service?

Send your contributions to

Christian Herald Missionary Fund
419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

be nothing ahead but more hunger. More disillusionment. More evidence that the world is a big place and cares surprisingly little about you, a place where you can be completely lost, even though you can put out a hand and touch other human beings.

Let me give you some Bowery Mission figures, in case you think I'm fictionizing any of this.

In the year 1938 the dimes you provided for the Bowery Mission paid for 168,805 meals, at a cost per meal of ten cents. Your money gave 74,127 men a chance to get a night's sleep in a bed—instead of in a doorway, or under a doorstep or a newspaper, or in an alley.

I am sure that if you follow Mr. St. John's broadcasts, or if you go to hear him preach when he is in your neighborhood, or from what you have read by and about him in *Christian Herald*, you know what store he sets by the necessity of giving men on the Bowery the chance to be clean.

It's a terrible thing to have to be dirty. Not to be able to get a bath, with soap and water—or to get your clothes clean,

FOREIGN INVASION

By May Dixon Thacker



Jackie was put in jail at Benton, the county seat of Hill Top

[PART EIGHT]

JAKIE was put in jail at Benton, the county seat of Hill Top. There was a lot of talk about organizing the mountain men of the community and storming the jail and getting him out, so high raged fury and indignation. But sane reasoning prevailed; such a procedure could only make bad matters very much worse.

Hill Top County was under the domination of the "furriners" who had swarmed in with the coming of the Big Dam and the construction of the Skyline Drive. Among them, of course, was Jim Hartman, who had organized a chain of Gift Shops to sell imported imitation mountain-craft.

Everybody knew that Jackie McRoy was a victim of this foreign invasion. They had Jackie in their toils. They meant to send him to the penitentiary for as long a term as possible.

Life in our cabin at Split Lick went on as usual except for the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Hartman, snugly quartered in the hut, back of our garden. The injured man was recuperating slowly but satisfactorily. No one knew if he was surprised or displeased at the presence of his wife. We left them alone, only making sure their every need was promptly supplied.

There wasn't, in Ma's heart, a first trace of resentment against this man who had stolen her Bible, (to say nothing of trying to ruin her daughter's life). To her way of thinking, so far as the Bible was concerned, she looked upon him as God's instrument to teach her humility, and that he was scarcely responsible. The rest of us felt differently, but dared say or do nothing in the face of her complete forgiveness.

It was Miss Wray who told Mrs.

Hartman. And a few days later, there came, through the mail from New York, a beautiful, new, large-print, leather-bound Bible, addressed to Ma, without comment. Ma's pleasure was out of all proportion to the occasion, we thought.

"Now—jest ain' that—nice?" she repeated over and over, as the shiny, really handsome Book lay on the same table under the east window where the morning sunlight streamed in. How Pappy and I hoped and prayed that the new order of things at his new farm might please her as much!

Pappy was almost beside himself with anxiety and a sense of helplessness; he was depending on Jackie at every turn.

As Mr. Hartman grew better, more and more Mrs. Hartman would come to the cabin and talk with Ma. She liked to sit by the old loom and watch the weaving. She said she loved to hear Ma talk.

After a time, Miss Wray and Mrs. Hartman would take trips into Queensport together. During those trips, Ma would stay at the hut. We found that Jim Hartman liked to hear her talk, too. At first we felt, indignantly, that he questioned her to make fun. But gradually that attitude seemed to change. No one had told him that she knew it was he who had stolen her Bible.

Jackie's trial was rushed for the early January term of court. Although they

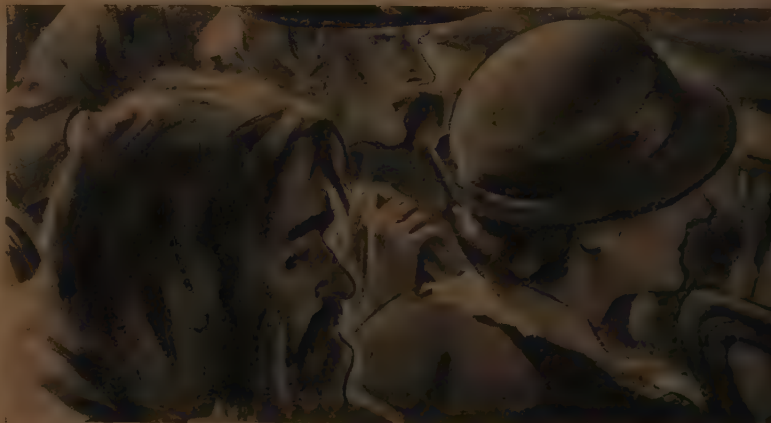
tried to keep it secret, it came to Ma's knowledge that Mrs. Hartman had brought in a fine lawyer to defend Jackie; a Col. Martin. Not a "furriner" but a man from Queensport who was recommended by the owner of the Big Mill.

I rejoiced at this good news. At least Jackie would have a fighting chance. Somehow Jackie's face, as he looked that night when he was arrested, hung in a dream mist in my brain. He had to get off; they couldn't send a man like that to the "pen" for life. But Miss Wray confided that even Col. Martin said things looked bad for Jackie. They claimed that he had organized one hundred of the young mountain men into a Vigilance Committee for mutual protection. He had told me that; I knew it was true. They claimed it was he who had shot up that first Gift Shop in a raid at Hill Top Tourist Camp. That was true too for I had glimpsed him, at the time, behind a counter.

To make the lesson as emphatic and far-reaching as possible, it was boasted that Jackie McRoy would begin his term shortly after the New Year.

Pappy wandered around like a lost soul. Every other day he went to Benton to see Jackie, walking the eleven miles and back, until Jackie made him take and use his old Ford. Pappy reported that Jackie was not downhearted for he declared they could never prove a thing. The mountain men would never tell! I didn't believe any other soul but me really knew. Jackie sent word to me not to come to see him; that it wasn't best.

The day before the trial was to open—the first week in January—an officer came



Split Lick and asked for me. On the porch, he put a paper into my hand; a legal summons for me to appear at the trial as a witness for the prosecution. At first, I laughed; what could they want with me? It seemed silly, but as I thought about it, a very grave uneasiness came over me. No one could possibly know how Jackie had confided in me that I was to organize a Vigilance Committee that night in Pete's Holler. Nor could anyone know that I had seen and recognized Jackie that day at Hill Top, when I was in Jim Hartman's car. Miss Wray had been with us. There had been a crowd of people standing around. And—there might be among the mountain men one traitor who could be bought. . . . The day of the trial was cold and drizzling rain and sleet. I knew that people could be pouring into town from every direction. When I got there, with Miss Wray and Mrs. Hartman, the yard of the courthouse buzzed with milling groups of highly excited mountaineers. Pappy was using Jackie's car and brought Ma with him. She and I sat down on a store porch to wait, while Miss Wray and Mrs. Hartman went to find the lawyer, Col.

Martin. Although we didn't realize it at the time, this was the most important trial ever held in our mountains, for it was the old order of accustomed things being pitted against the new.

I noticed a bunch of restless, eager young city newspaper reporters huddling close to the wall of the building, under the over-hanging eaves, waiting with briefcases and cameras. Presently two determined-looking men came out of the courthouse and stood talking to the reporters. At first, they were gesticulating, protesting, angrily. Gradually the reporters pressed in closer and surrounded the two men. . . .

While I was wondering, Miss Wray and Mrs. Hartman appeared, approaching the porch where Ma and I sat. Their faces were flushed and their eyes excited. I stood, silent, looking from one to the other of these kind friends. "Have you something important to say?" I asked.

"Something very disagreeable, dear," Miss Wray told me. "The newspapers have heard that there's a girl in the case—Jackie's girl."

"O-oh," I sighed, almost panic-stricken. So that was why they had summoned me

as a witness? Because I was Jackie's girl—"They also know about Mr. Hartman's attention to you, Milly." It was Mrs. Hartman who said that. "They've heard—ugly gossip."

I felt my face flame angrily. "So what?" I challenged.

"Don't get excited, dear," Mrs. Hartman continued. "It can't be helped. I understand. You must be brave and face—whatever comes." If she could be as fine as that, surely I should measure up, I thought.

"I'll do the best I can," I promised.

Miss Wray spoke next, "Your lawyer and the owner of the Queensport mill are trying to argue them out of the idea. It will be no use. They will play up that angle for all it's worth."

I was ready. At the pavement directly in front of the courthouse, stood two sergeants in new uniforms and caps. They cleared a way for us through the pushing, jostling throngs of people. We walked down the path, walled by human bodies. I was by Ma, holding her arm, drawing comfort from the very feel of her linsey dress; a slat sunbonnet shielded her face from the gaping mobs. Miss Wray and Mrs. Hartman followed. In the courtroom, I had a chair placed next to mine for Ma. Miss Wray and Mrs. Hartman were directly behind us.

Inside the railing sat Jackie McRoy, manacled. To one side of him, stood a "furriner" officer with two big pistols. On the other side, another officer similarly armed. On each side of the door, was a guard with a Winchester; around the railing, outside, were several others. One would have thought Jackie a wild, outlaw killer.

The air was close and heavy from an overheated stove, with the smell of tobacco and the sweat of men. The clerk called the court to order after the fashion since before William the Conqueror. The trial was on.

I looked at the Judge; a handsome, cultured, educated gentleman with white hair and a strong, clearcut face. How silly and little we all must appear to him, I thought. He would dispense justice speedily and—call the next case.

The jury box filled rather speedily. The first witnesses were the owners of gift shops. They described how mountain men raided their places and destroyed their property. Col. Martin had each admit that the "property" consisted of imported goods brought in to undersell the mountain craft. No one had been hurt in the raids.

Next, several mountain men were called. None of them knew a thing, they said, about any raid or about the party in Pete's Holler. (They wouldn't.) One mountain man was asked why they persisted in making trouble. Taken off guard, his reply was, "Becase these here 'furriners' has bin cuttin' things down and tearin' 'em up an' (Continued on page 44)



The proof that might send Jackie to prison for life had come from me! I felt deathly sick, and stumbled as I returned to my chair

Illustrator CHAS. ZINGARO



January, 1940

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

MONDAY, JANUARY 1

THE MAGIC PORTAL

"I HAVE SET BEFORE THEE AN OPEN DOOR."

READ PHILIPPIANS 3:7-14.

THE glorious thing about the New Year is that it gives us all a new chance. It flings open the magic portal of opportunity to the willing and aspiring soul. As is well known, the word opportunity comes from ob, meaning in front of, and porta, a gate. Well, no matter what the mistakes or misdeeds which have marred the past year, Christ offers us His forgiving grace. He sets before us an open door through which we may press forward to worthier living and greater achievements. Resolve that this day shall see the beginning of better things.

For this new year, for the chance it yields of leaving the old sins and mistakes behind, we bless Thy name, through Jesus, our Lord, Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 2

CRYSTAL GAZING

"MY WAY IS HID."

READ PSALM 43.

THERE are some people who profess to be able to read the future by gazing into a crystal sphere. There are others who evidently believe they can, or the former would not remain in business. But suppose we could see what this year holds for us—sorrow as well as joy, adversity and prosperity, the disagreeable and the agreeable—would we be any happier? Would we be the better fitted to face the unknown way? The truth is we would be constantly filled with apprehension. Happiness would be impossible. It is a great mercy that we cannot penetrate the veil which hides coming months from our eyes.

What is hidden from us, gracious Father, is known to Thee. Help us to commit our way unto Thee, that Thy purpose for us may be realized through faith. Through Christ, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3

LOSING THE LOAD

"DRAW NEAR . . . UNTO THE THRONE OF GRACE."

READ HEBREWS 7:17-27.

WE WERE in the cathedral of the Italian city of Perugia. Our attention

was drawn to an aged woman on her knees, outside a confessional box. She was speaking to the unseen confessor within. While we could not hear her words, the agonized look in her face, the rolling tears, revealed what? The soul's need of One touched with a feeling of man's infirmities. We do not require either priest or confessional. We have a great High Priest to whom we can always go. If there is some unforgiven sin, something worrying you, some needed strength for the day, take a few minutes to seek His divine help. It is ours for the asking. Ask and you shall receive. Seek and find.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for the place where we may obtain mercy and find grace to help. Enable us to find how defeat can be turned into victory, through Christ, Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4

IS THERE A PURPOSE IN THINGS?

"THE EYES OF YOUR HEART ENLIGHTENED."

READ EPHESIANS 1:3-14.

TENNYSON says, "I doubt not through the ages an increasing purpose runs." That sets us thinking. All ropes belonging to our navy have a colored thread running through them. By this they can be identified. The Scriptures have the golden thread of God's loving purpose. We see it in the story of Moses and Israel, in the prophets who acclaimed the coming Messiah, in the wondrous revelation of Christ Himself. That God should concern Himself about us, that His love should overspread us like the skies, that He should order our lives, is good news indeed. His purpose is our redemption. Life shall be changed from glory to glory, and His purpose completed.

Gracious Father, confused by the happenings of the days, we fail to see Thy controlling hand. Help us to discern in Thy Word, in the example of our Saviour, Thy will divine.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5

LIFE'S HANDICAPS

"LAY ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT."

READ HEBREWS 12:1-12.

WE ALL have our handicaps. Life is not all we would like. If only we were endowed differently, or occupied some

other sphere! If only we had not this disability, that limitation! The Apostle Paul did not waste time in vain laments. He had his thorn in the flesh, yet he found grace to endure. Milton, with not a line of "Paradise Lost" written, became blind. Beethoven, with his life work before him, became stone deaf. Did they rail at life's injustice? On the contrary, they faced their difficulties. They leaned on the divine strength. We can lay aside other things which hinder. We can grow in grace. Can we not run with patience the race set before us?

While we thank Thee for life's joys, help us also to see Thy hand in our trials, reverses, and tribulations, that they may bring us nearer to Thee through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6

OBSCURE? THEREFORE WORTHLESS?

"YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST."

READ COLOSSIANS 2:1-10.

AS WE gaze in wonder at the towering structures of our great cities, we marvel at the skill which brought them into being. There is daring, as well as ingenuity, in such colossal buildings. But as we admire their architecture, and sculptural beauty, we do not always realize that what is unseen is even more important. Within those high walls there is a steel framework. Beneath them there are foundations going down to the bedrock. So with the structure of modern life. Were it not for the quiet service of untrumpeted lives, the quiet ministry of the home, the spiritual fervor, devotion, and idealism of Christian hearts, the world would crumble. So your life can tell for ages, tell for God.

Thou hast Thy servants in obscure places who do their best from day to day. Denied the laurels of the victor, yet aid us to merit Thy daily commendation. In the Master's name, Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 7

THE HOLY DAY

"A DAY IN THY COURTS."

READ PSALM 84:5-12.

THE Sabbath is not often championed by a statesman, but Lord Macaulay, in a political speech once said: "That day is not lost while industry is suspended while the plough lies in the furrow while the Exchange is silent, while n

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

oke ascends from the factory; a process is going on quite as important as the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. an, the machine of machines . . . is pairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigor. Therefore it is that we are not poorer, but richer because we have through many ages rested from our labor one day in seven."

For the sacred privileges of Thy day we return thanks. Help us, not only to use them to the full, but also to safeguard our inheritance. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 8

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

"MARK YE WELL HER BULWARKS."

READ PSALM 48.

WITH Europe's tragedy in our minds, we may well appraise the heritage which is ours. Some people love to deride their own land. Here is the striking testimony of an unknown writer: "Give a thought to our country. Nowhere is life so pleasant, nowhere is labor so well rewarded. Europe has thousands who want to enter. Asia has millions who would come here. Chinamen spend weeks in boxes to be smuggled in. We forget our blessings. God searched Europe to find people good enough to start our country. They multiplied well. Let us be thankful for them. A glorious inheritance is ours."

Because we have derived all our blessings, personal and national, from Thee, make us truly grateful for Thy mercies.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 9

BUSINESS AND THE KINGDOM

"TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK."

READ MATTHEW 9:1-13.

CHRIST has a service for people of all kinds. He can use our varying gifts. The call which took Levi from the customs-house, suggests that there is a definite contribution which the man and woman of business can make to His cause. Levi was skilled in the use of the pen; that pen was to set down a record of the Master's life. He had also an ordered and systematic mind. So, even though our sphere may be the ungenial round of daily duty, Christ can use our powers. In business we require sagacity, vision, reliability, thoroughness, industry. Who dare say that these gifts are not needed in the church today?

In that we have withheld our strength from Thee, counting our service of little use to Thee, forgive us. Put it into our hearts to offer ourselves wholly to Thee.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10

OUR LIVES TELL

"NONE OF US LIVETH UNTO HIMSELF."

READ ROMANS 14:1-9.

HENRY DRUMMOND once traversed paths in Africa, along which only

one white man had passed before. Yet after long years, people remembered him. Their faces lighted up at the mention of his name. Had he not lived in their villages, cured their sick, told them of God, and the love and sacrifice of His Son? What then was the secret of this man's power over these tribesmen? It was his love, and the outflow of his consecrated life. That is why Livingstone was remembered. Suppose he had been different—cruel, unjust, rapacious? He still would have been remembered; but because he was good. . . Our lives leave an indelible impression. Shall we be remembered with gratitude or scorn?

Because Thou hast bound our lives unto all about us, so strengthen the best in us that we may impart Thine enriching grace, and so glorify Thee. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP!

"THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL."

READ II CORINTHIANS 4:13-18.

KEEP your chin up! That sounds more forcible than polite. Yet what it lacks in elegance is made up for by its eloquence. It brings us valuable counsel. Often we are inclined to look at the black side of life's happenings. We cannot see any redeeming feature to cheer the heart. Is it because we are looking in the wrong direction? To keep one's chin up, is to banish self-pity and the sense of defeat. But that is not all. The very act of elevating the chin lifts also the eyes to the eternal verities. Life and its forces may be strong; God is stronger. Greater is He who is for us than those which are against us. Therefore, rejoice in Him.

Let us daily know the reinforcement of Thy grace which comes to those who make Thee their confidant. So shall dejection be dispelled, and gladness of heart be ours.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12

TIME THE VINDICATOR

"THOU SHALT KNOW HEREAFTER."

READ LUKE 12:1-9.

IN THE studio of an artist friend, we looked at the canvas he was painting, "Whatever is that meant to be?" we asked. Looking up from his palette he said wistfully, "Children and fools should not see things half done—and you are not a child." That was a merited rebuke. Do we not make a similar mistake? We judge our Father's dealings with us, seeing only a part, and forgetting that we are merely children—or not! But in the end, we shall understand what is now mysterious, and see clearly what is now so dim. Doddridge well says, "His goodness stands approved down to the present day; I'll drop my burden at His feet, and bear a song away."

Forgive our pretense to wisdom, and that we know better than Thou when

life's problems confront us. Help us to find that quiet trust which can banish all misgiving. Through our Saviour, Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13

WHAT PRICE TROUBLE?

"NEVERTHELESS, AFTERWARD."

READ HEBREWS 12:15-14.

WE ARE sometimes weary of being told to be brave, to endure our trials uncomplainingly. Yet what good is there in them? Would not life be happier without them? It might be happier, but would it yield the development of character which is God's will for us? Alfred Russell Wallace was examining the cocoon of a purple emperor moth. It was struggling to make its way through the narrow neck of its prison, and to assist it, he cut the cocoon, and set the moth free. But its wings did not develop. The effort to free itself would have sent the life through every part of its body. Instead of that, after a few hours it died. Life's struggles are not purposeless.

Give us patience, O divine Father, in the midst of life's trials, that we may quietly await the unfolding of Thy will, assured of Thy wise love. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 14

WHY WORSHIP?

"NOT FORSAKING THE ASSEMBLING."

READ HEBREWS 10:19-25.

CAN people be Christians without the help of the church? Assuredly, it is possible. It is possible for a man to sail a boat alone across the Atlantic. It has been done. But no one believes that, when it comes to speed, safety, and comfort, plus the joy of human companionship, the regular liners are not preferable. We are, therefore, not discussing what is possible, but practicable. To meet with others to worship the Eternal, to join our praises with theirs, brings blessings which cannot be obtained in any other way. Moreover, Christ's promise is that where two or three are met together in His name, there is He. So never let us grow superior to the help of the sanctuary.

O God, who art always nigh unto Thy people, yet who dost bestow still richer grace when they honor Thee in Thy house, help us to keep the privileges made ours. For Christ's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 15

CHRIST, THE ARBITER

"WALK WORTHY OF THE LORD."

READ COLOSSIANS 1:9-14.

A YOUNG student, who had been reading Lord Charnwood's *Lincoln*, found himself in a strange mood. When he was tempted to some unworthy course, when indolence had to be combated, when some difficult task confronted, when some difficult task confronted,

(Continued on page 51)



Vegetable Soup, the all-American favorite, has a rich beef stock base

YOUR VERY BEST DISH

From Mrs. Albert Linder, of the Saron Evangelical and Reformed Church, Olney, Illinois, comes the Prize-winning Recipe for this month. This chowder is served by the Women's Group of Mrs. Linder's church, and is not only greatly liked by the members, but also by the children of their Orphans' Home, to whom they have given the recipe.

Prize-winning Recipe

3 lbs. dressed chicken	3/4 lbs. lima beans
1 lb. dressed guinea	1 qt. onions, diced
3 lbs. beef ball	2 2/3 size cans corn
3/4 lbs. bacon	2 qts. tomato puree
1/2 lb. suet	1 lb. butter
1 1/2 lbs. navy beans	3 oz. salt
10 lbs. potatoes	1 tablesp. black pepper
1 bunch celery	1/2 teaspoon red pepper
1 pt. carrots, diced	1 teasp. celery salt

Cook thoroughly all meat except bacon and suet. Save juice. Cool and remove bones. Grind bacon, suet and meat. Cook beans thoroughly. Grind diced vegetables. Put in large cooker 1 gal. water, meat juice and ground meats and vegetables, except onions. Cook two hours. Add onions and tomato puree 30 minutes before serving, butter and seasoning 15 minutes before. Yield fifty portions.

All-American Soup Favorites

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

AMERICA has some of the finest soups any nation of cooks ever invented. But not many, and the prize examples, with the exception of the chowders, are special-occasion soups requiring more time than the American woman wants to put into one dish for daily fare.

Remember America is a land of plenty and most of the world's great soups have evolved from necessity. True, in the early days of the Massachusetts Colony there were hard times enough and naturally the colonists turned to the sea for its bounty, which was more generous than that of the land. Thus were originated many of the famous New England sea food dishes, among them fish chowders and fish stews.

But on the whole the most renowned of America's soups are those that were made as great-occasion events, built of many ingredients and often well on the luxury side. When early-day cooks turned their attention to soup, the dish became a masterpiece. Although they didn't invent many, those they did stayed invented.

These soup dishes are meals, not menu introductions. They are sustaining, rib-comforting, of robust importance. With such a soup bowl, pass a relish type salad, a heaped tray of crisp crackers and hearty bread. Follow with dessert, a choice of coffee, tea or cocoa, and the supper crowd goes home satisfied. But when a church supper is planned as a soup supper be sure and announce it so. Then no one will be expecting what they aren't going to get.

Here we suggest the great soups of America in a soup bowl travelogue. If you live in New England, go south for a change and for culinary inspiration. Go to Louisiana and peep into one of the wide old

kitchens where Creole cooks prepare that sumptuous soup the Gumbo File. The recipe here comes from Lena Richards, one of the famous Negro cooks of New Orleans. Lena was reared amid the pots and pans. Her mother was a cook and Lena grew up at her mother's elbow doing just as mother did. After years in a private home, Lena started a catering business. Now Lena's dishes go to fashionable New Orleans weddings and parties of every kind.

Determined that the delicacies originated by the Negro cooks of past generations should not be lost to posterity, Lena collected some 350 of these savory concoctions and with the help of her daughter Marie, now a senior at Xavier University, they put the recipes into book form. This Gumbo File is from "Lena Richards' Cook Book," her recipe increased to provide for 50 guests.

GUMBO FILE

2 quarts chopped chicken meat	8 tablespoons file
5 gallons chicken stock	8 medium sized onions
4 dozen crabs	8 cloves of garlic
8 pounds lake shrimp	1 1/2 cups flour
4 pounds or 8 slices raw ham	2 cups cooking oil
	Salt and pepper to taste
	8 bay leaves

Fry ham and shrimp in cooking oil until ham is a golden brown. Remove ham and shrimp from fat. Make a roux with



Bean Gumbo comes from the Middle West. One of the common soups made uncommonly good

flour and fat, add onions and cook golden. Add crabs, chicken, ham and shrimp, stock and all seasonings except salt and pepper. Cook over a slow fire until liquid has reduced to about 3 gallons. Season with salt and pepper and just before serving, stir in file. Yield: 50 portions of 1 1/2 cups each. It is customary to serve Gumbo File with rice.

File is the important seasoning. This is a powder manufactured by the remaining tribe of Choctaw Indians in Louisiana from the young and tender leaves of the sassafras. The Indian squaws gather the leaves, spread them to dry on a stone mortar then pound the powder to dust and pass it through a hair sieve. Just this year a New Orleans concern has started the production of file powder on a commercial basis, selling it in a few cities, or it may be purchased by mail.

Now that we are South let's try a Deep South Fish Chowder, so different from the clam chowder the New Englanders like out.



Watch them ply the spoons with Idaho potato soup



Fish chowder

the Deep South is distant cousin to the clam chowder of the North

Here, below, is Corn Chowder Iowa Style



DEEP SOUTH FISH CHOWDER

3 pounds red snapper
4 gallons water
15 small onions, finely chopped
3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 cup cooking oil
4 green peppers, chopped
4 cups celery, minced
2 quarts canned tomatoes
8 bay leaves
1/2 cup salt
24 cloves
1/2 teaspoon tabasco
4 cups coarse cracker crumbs
8 hard cooked eggs, sliced
32 thin slices lemon
8 potatoes, diced

Cook fish in water until tender. Drain, reserving stock, remove skin and bones. Saute onion and garlic in oil until yellow. Add green pepper and cook a few

contribution to soup lore is the black bean creation. This served in generous quantity is supper enough. We promise that if made correctly the eater will never look cross-eyed at a bean again.

BLACK BEAN SOUP (BOSTON STYLE)

1 gallon dried black beans
1/2 cup salt
4 gallons water
1/2 cup butter
1 cup flour
1 cup chopped chives or shallots
1 teaspoon black pepper
2 teaspoons paprika
2 quarts heavy cream
48 thin slices lemon
48 cloves
8 hard boiled eggs, sliced

CROUTONS

minutes longer. Add 3 gallons fish stock and the celery, tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, cloves and tabasco. Bring to a boil, add fish and simmer 30 minutes. Add cracker crumbs, egg and lemon slices and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Then add potato and simmer 20 minutes longer. Yield: 32 portions. Cassia buds or saffron may be added for still more exotic flavor.

Chowder epitomizes New England, combining the sturdy qualities of the people with the solid comfort of their table and the sea tang that predominates their food.

CLAM CHOWDER

2 gallons clams
2 1/2 gallons potatoes
2 cups salt pork or bacon
6 cups onion
2 gallons water
1/2 cup salt
1 teaspoon pepper
2 cups butter
2 cups flour
3 gallons milk

Mince the clams. Peel and cut the potatoes in 1/2 inch cubes. Cut the salt pork in 1/4 inch cubes and cook slowly with the onion until the onion is tender but not brown. Add the diced potatoes, clams, pork and seasonings to water and cook for 15 minutes. Make a sauce of the fat, flour and milk. Combine the mixtures. If the clam liquor is used, scald and add just before serving. Add more seasoning if desired. Yield: 50 portions (1 1/2 cups per serving).

Another Boston

Soak beans overnight in water to cover. Drain. Add salt and water and cook 2 hours or until beans are very soft. Force mixture through coarse strainer. Place puree back on stove and simmer 15 minutes. Melt butter, blend in flour. Add chives, pepper and paprika. Add cream slowly, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Add to bean puree, blending well. Heat just to boiling point. Place over hot water until serving time. Serve in shallow bowls. Place a slice of lemon with a clove and a slice of hard-cooked egg in each bowl. Serve with croutons. Approximate yield: 48 portions. If the black bean soup is the main course at supper and 1 1/2 cups are allowed per person this recipe will serve but 30 portions.

Middle Westerners put the old-fashioned navy bean to work in the soup pot with excellent results. They know, too, the goodness of potato soup scented with that noble bulb, the onion. Inland corn is met in chowder more frequently than the clam.

NAVY BEAN SOUP

2 quarts navy beans
2 gallons boiling water
1/2 cup salt
1 teaspoon pepper
5 1/2 tablespoons sugar
1 pound lean salt pork, cubed
2 cups minced celery
1 1/2 cups minced green pepper
1 1/2 cups minced onion
1 cup butter
2 1/2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

Cover beans with water and soak overnight. Drain. Add boiling water, seasonings and pork. Simmer 1 hour or until beans are tender. Add more water if necessary. Saute celery, green peppers and onion in butter. Add to bean mixture and simmer for 15 minutes. Add Worcestershire sauce. Serve with a dash of ketchup. Yield: 48 portions.

BEAN GUMBO

2 1/2 quarts white beans
Water to cover
2 1/2 quarts diced potatoes
2 1/2 quarts diced carrots
2 1/2 quarts diced ham (raw or cooked)
2 1/2 quarts tomato juice
10 small onions sliced
3 1/2 tablespoons green pepper diced
1 1/2 cups butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Soak the beans overnight, drain and cover with cold water or part water combined with vegetable or meat stock. Saute the onion, green pepper and ham in the butter and add to the bean mixture, simmer until the beans are nearly tender. Add the carrots, potatoes and tomatoes during the last half hour of cooking. Yield: 50 portions.

POTATO SOUP

6 quarts potatoes
thinly sliced
1 quart onions, finely chopped
7 quarts water
1 cup quick cooking tapioca
6 tablespoons salt
1/2 teaspoon cayenne
1 teaspoon pepper
6 quarts milk, scalded
1 pound butter
1/4 cup parsley, chopped

Cook potatoes and onions in water 15 to 20 minutes or until done. Measure and add water to make 10 quarts. Add tapioca, salt, cayenne and pepper to milk, and cook over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add potato mixture, butter, and parsley. Serve hot. Yield: 4 gallons, 64 portions, 1 cup each.

CORN CHOWDER

1 quart celery
3 quarts water
1 gallon potatoes
1 cup onions
5 quarts corn
2 tablespoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
3 cups butter
2 quarts flour
1 1/2 gallons milk

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(Continued from page 25)

one who thinks himself keener and stronger and quicker, when he is duller and weaker and slower. Two factors are very important,—the perverted judgment which cannot evaluate risks and the slower reaction time which prevents quick action in a crisis, and there are usually risks and crises when driving a car. Amounts of alcohol far short of those which cause objective signs of intoxication impair efficiency in driving.

The normal reaction time—the time which elapses between the sensory stimulus, such as seeing another car, and when we move our arms to steer our car—is about one-fifth of a second. Alcohol slows this so that alcoholized reaction time may be two, three, four, or even more, fifths of a second. At 60 m.p.h. a car travels eighteen feet in one-fifth of a second. So instead of eighteen feet the car may travel thirty-six, fifty-four, or seventy-two feet before the driver takes any action, and that usually means trouble.

Such an authority as Dr. Haven Emerson says, "The alcohol in one bottle of beer or in one cocktail is sufficient to cause delay in the normal reactions in the driver of a motor vehicle for the next couple of hours, which readily accounts for many of the tragedies of the road." After many years of experimentation, Dr. Francis G. Benedict, Director of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory, said, "We have found that the consumption of even a small quantity of wine retards eye-action to a point where it is unsafe for the person who has drunk the wine to drive an automobile." There are about 40,000 persons killed in auto accidents every year and about 1,000,000 persons injured, and it is pertinent that the number of deaths by auto fluctuates directly with the consumption of liquor.

Some years ago, a friend of mine was addressing his political constituency in my native province, appraising in a complimentary way the prohibition measure which had recently been passed. As he was rounding into his peroration an unsteady voice from the rear of the hall interrupted him, "To hell with prohibition! Give us more rum and wider roads!" While naturally I do not agree with the sentiment expressed, I must admit that the logic of the combination is unassailable.

There are two things further to be said about the effects of alcohol. In the first place, in contradiction to general opinion and ordinary methods of speech, alcohol is not a stimulant. To the contrary, it is a puissant paralyzer, with a preference for nerve and brain tissue. The reason that it is considered a stimulant is that its paralyzing effects remove certain disagreeable feelings or some inhibitions, such as bashfulness. However, it is no respecter of inhibitions, and removes many valuable ones as well as one disagreeable one.

The second effect, and one most recognized and used, even if otherwise named, is the flight from reality which it produces. People with an inferiority feeling, those who are discouraged and downhearted, people in deep sorrow, can speedily plunge themselves into another, though artificial world. It is a temporary flight, to be sure, and one which will eventually land them back in their original position poorer prepared to face facts and to solve

problems, but it seems to be attractive. Drinking of alcohol, especially in quantities which produce intoxication, is an admission of weakness and insufficiency, and an acknowledgment that one is not big enough for his job, but it stills all self-criticism. Running away physically is hardly possible now in these days of world-wide communication, and alcohol furnishes the most convenient form for mental flight.

Dr. W. J. Mayo made the statement



ANY OLD CLOTHES?

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that three out of every ten drinkers (30%) become addicts—not necessarily drunkards, but steady drinkers, and no one knows in advance who the three are. There are great individual differences in alcoholic tolerance. Of course, most people think they are exceptions, but there is no evidence to justify the opinion that any young man or woman is exempt from becoming an addict. It is no secret that alcohol is a habit-forming drug, and to be avoided as such, and a person may die of alcoholism without ever being drunk.

There is sometimes considerable learned talk, and, more often, clever advertising about the effects of different kinds of liquor, but when the froth is brushed off the top it comes down to this: the effect and consequent injury bestowed do not depend upon whether you call it beer, wine, whiskey, or gin, or whether you talk of cocktails, highballs, rickeys, or other classical appellations; they depend upon one factor and one factor only, namely, the amount of alcohol it contains.

We have been hearing considerably lately about teaching young men to drink like gentlemen—whatever that means. I can speak for college students and say that I have rarely seen them act otherwise than as gentlemen except when they were drinking. The reason for this is plain—when a person takes alcohol he unhinges the controls which are so important in gentlemanly conduct. I know it is said, "A man should know when he's had enough," but after partaking of alcohol his judgment on any subject is not very reliable, and especially is this true concerning himself. He is not a very good judge of when he's had enough. As a prohibitionist, I always know when I've had enough.

The whole subject of intoxicants is so inconsistent that it may be hardly worth while to point out some ludicrous, minor inconsistencies. For example, the law requires liquor stores to be closed on election day during the hours of voting, presumably in order that the voters might be clear-headed while performing the sacred duty of marking a ballot. Would it not be worthwhile to have them clear-headed while attending to their business on other days or when making plans for their families? Saloons are not usually permitted to be located near a church or a school. Why? If alcoholic beverages are as harmless and beneficial as the advertisement intimates, why not have them in the schools and as a part of the church program? There should be no radio advertising of alcoholic liquors; but why? We must teach children in the schools the evils of alcohol, and yet permit the advertising of the virtues of alcohol to be disseminated through the mails. Railroad engineers are not supposed to drink while on or off duty. The directors forbid it; but how about the directors—isn't that equally important? People must not drink while driving automobiles, but how about the persons who make automobiles and lay out the roads? Even drinking bartenders can not get a job; should they not be permitted to share in the benefits which the brewers and distillers are permitted to advertise? Men engaged in athletics are not permitted to drink; why? Should they not be brought up to their highest efficiency and even, at times, be "stimulated"? If efficiency in athletics demands abstinence from alcoholic beverages in order to attain the fittest physical condition, is not efficiency and fit physical condition desirable outside of athletic events? Of course, the whole thing is a grand farce and an unholby muddle. The entire business is a nuisance, and pretended control is a joke. Enough is done to placate decency and to fool the public. Some day the public may become intelligently conscious

(This is the first of two articles by Dr. Cutter. The second will appear in an early issue.)



THE MAGIC OF FAITH

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(Continued from page 37)

playin' hell generally." Which tacit admission didn't help Jackie's cause.

No man identified Jackie McRoy as among the raiders or as being in Pete's Holler on the particular night when Jim Hartman's goods were burned and he was beaten up.

The next morning, after the court was called to order, the prosecuting attorney rose, "Next witness, may it please Your Honor." The clerk got to his feet with a slip of paper and bawled my name—"Milly Owens."

I felt the crowd vibrate, the craning of necks; cameras clicked. There was a hush in the packed room. Miss Wray leaned forward and touched my shoulder, "Go on, dear," she prompted. I got up. In going to the witness chair, I passed by Jackie. From the corner of an eye, I saw his face was bent almost to his chest. He was suffering! And for me!

I sat down in the chair. The preliminary questions were quickly passed over; my name, my parents' names, where I lived and so forth.

"Where were you on the morning of August 23rd" was the first real question.

"At Hill Top Tourist Camp."

"Did you go automobile riding often?"

"No. Occasionally."

"With whom?"

"Mr. Jim Hartman and my sister Vi and—"

"Ever go alone with Mr. Hartman?"

"No. The only other time Miss Wray was with us."

"On that occasion, as you passed the Central Building at Hill Top, in Mr. Hartman's car, with Miss Wray, was anything extraordinary going on?"

"Y'yes."

"What?"

"It was—being raided," I had to say. The shaggy eyebrows of the prosecuting attorney bristled. He raised his voice, clipping out each word, "Now, Miss Owens, on that occasion, did you, or did you not, see the defendant, Jackie McRoy, with a gun in his hand—one of the raiders?"

It had come! The moment I had feared! Somebody had seen me and told! This was why they wanted me. I was to furnish the *proof*!

I couldn't lie. The question was repeated . . . I had to say it . . . "Yes," as the blood drained from my face and crowded my heart also to suffocation.

Immediately the courthouse was in a buzz, the Judge pounding the gavel, as I was dismissed.

The proof that might send Jackie to prison for life had come from me! I felt deathly sick and stumbled to my chair, as Mrs. Hartman suddenly stood up behind me and went out. . . . I was numb to any feeling but despair.

The prosecution closed with my testimony. They were confident their case was won!

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the outside door. Through the jam of people, crowding, somebody was trying to enter. Finally, a deputy again made a lane between human bodies—and Jim Hartman appeared, supported by Mrs. Hartman and a mountain marshal! His face was thin and gaunt and as white as paper. He had gotten out of a sick bed.

His appearance created intense excitement. People began whispering. The Judge rapped for order. It had been obvious that the prosecution had been afraid to call Jim Hartman as a witness; afraid of his reputation and character. The defense dared not summon him, of course. But there he was—asking to speak to Col. Martin, Jackie's lawyer.

After a low conversation, that nobody could hear, Col. Martin rose and requested a brief "session in chambers" which meant (I afterwards found out) that the Judge and the lawyers on both sides would confer together over a mooted question.

The recess was granted and the Judge and lawyers went out through a door at the side of the dais.

I sat still, more miserable than I had ever been in all my life. I looked at Jackie . . . there he was, his eyes on the floor, his hands manacled in steel cuffs.

Something began rising in my throat; it was choking me. . . . I had betrayed Jackie! Suddenly something deep within me broke—rose to the surface—was released! I couldn't stand it any longer. I got up and went over and sat down by Jackie and took hold of one of his manacled hands. I knew everybody was



TUNE IN AT 3 SUNDAY

IF YOU live in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, or Pennsylvania, you should be able to hear the Bowery Mission on its weekly broadcast over station WHN. (1010 on the dial). Every Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. this station has given time to our work which has meant jobless men have been able to make appeals for work and clothing and the friends of the Bowery Mission have been able to take part in our Chapel service.



staring, nudging each other, whispering . . . I heard the click of cameras . . . I didn't care. . . .

"Jackie—I love you," I said in a low choking voice.

His face blanched while he stared at me. "Oh! Why—Milly—honey—" he stammered.

I put my arms around his shoulders and we sat there. I belonged to him now—for all time, and my heart rejoiced that it was so; I didn't have to worry any more. My man would do the worrying for me. My man? A manacled prisoner!

All right! I was not crazy; never was I more sane. If they convicted him, I'd wait and we'd go the rest of the way together—even if it were only down life's sunset. I'd be faithful unto death—and beyond. . . .

In a little while, the Judge and the attorneys came back. I kept my seat by Jackie and held his hands . . . court was reopened. . . .

The Judge announced that, under unforeseen circumstances, the prosecuting attorney had consented to allow the defense to call as their next witness—Mr. Jim Hartman! Mrs. Hartman and a deputy helped Mr. Hartman to the witness chair. He was duly sworn and the usual

preliminary questions asked. Then Col. Martin began.

"Did you at any time during that night in Pete's Holler when you were man-handled and robbed and your goods burned—did you see Jackie McRoy?"

I held my breath to keep from screaming.

"No," came the firm answer.

"Were you at all times able to recognize your assailant?"

"No, some of them I had never seen before."

"Had you ever seen the defendant Jackie before that night?"

"Many times."

"Would you have been able to recognize him had you seen him?"

"I would have been able to recognize his voice."

"Then you do not believe that the defendant took part in the procedure of that night?"

"No. I am sure he did not."

At that, pandemonium let loose. And hysterical woman in the back of the courtroom screamed out loud. The Judge rapped. After a time, quiet was restored and the prosecuting attorney began his questioning, but Jim Hartman's testimony could not be shaken.

Soon the summing up began. The prosecuting attorney went his legal limit, did his best, but he realized, I thought, that his case had practically collapsed. His summation was a bit perfunctory, interspersed with a few stormy vituperations.

Col. Martin, when his time came, was very deliberate. I noticed that the newspaper reporters took down his every word. . . . He drew graphic pictures of everything that was happening to the three million Southern Appalachian people.

He said, "There is no finer stock in the United States than these neglected, forgotten folk. These fine, sturdy people have survived, struggled on, held together by bonds of hardship and blood—and by the sacred Word of God that had been brought from England with the first little company of settlers, in the form of a 'Great Bible,' a rare old 'King Henry' version.

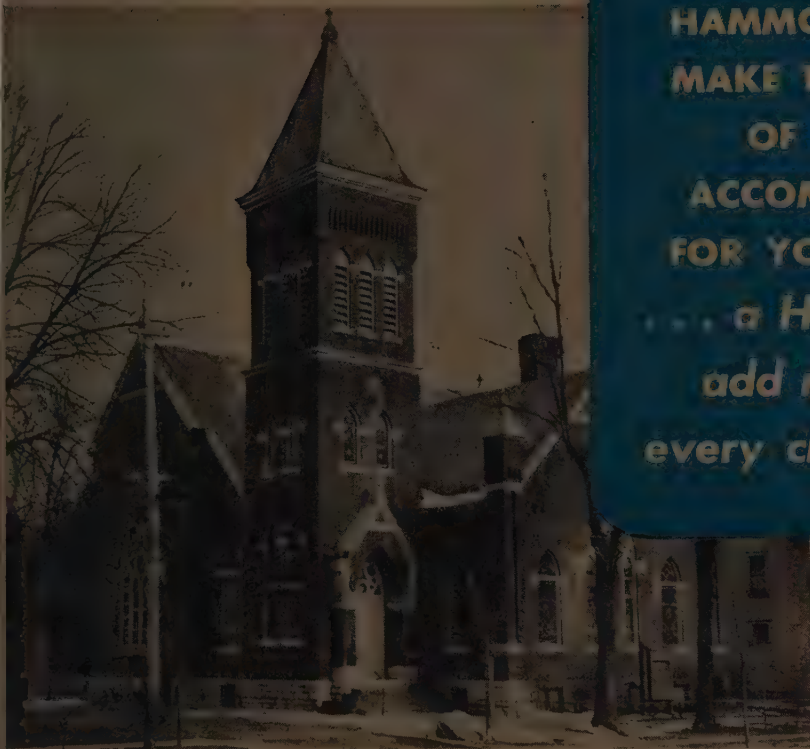
"Every Sabbath day, at Split Lick, in the favored cabin where the Bible lay, the children of the community gathered and listened to stories from the Book that had been handed down by word of mouth through two generations that could not read or write. The Book was there, lying in state, their proud heritage, prized and treasured. At the end of the stories, they were told, 'Hit's all God's truth, chillen. Hit's thar—ever word I told yo', thar in the Bible. . . . Maybe someday yo' kin be larnt to read hit.'"

"Now—they have been 'larnt' and can read. But a foreign invasion is pouring hordes of alien people into these regions. Millionaires at work with the wealth of coal and oil, minerals and timber; millionaires at play with their hunting lodges and gambling palaces. Racketeers have come; vultures, gobbling everything in sight."

Then Col. Martin was asking Jackie's old mother to stand up.

"Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury, I want to call your attention to this woman. She is the mother of the defendant. She has pride, just pride, in noble ancestry. Her husband died when

(Continued on page 46)



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Name and Address on margin brings returnable samples. Give church and denomination.



(Continued from page 44)

the defendant, Jakie, was ten years old. He has been head of the family ever since, supporting his mother and sisters and brothers. He knew no way of protecting his rights except by the *might of force!* In that way, his forbears conquered the wilderness. He knew—no—other—way!"

Soon the speeches were over and the Judge gave brief instructions and the jury filed out. Jakie and I sat in silence for less than thirty minutes before the jury was brought in again. . . .

And Jakie was acquitted!

There isn't much more to tell. Ma was so happy over Jakie's release, it wasn't hard for him to persuade her to consent to sell Split Lick and buy the new farm.

One short year has gone by and another New Year is upon us; the happiest we have ever known. Ma and Pappy and the kiddies are settled on their new farm and Jakie and I have built a little house on his farm adjoining. We were married right after the trial.

Jakie has a grand job with the owner of the mills, but, stranger than that, so has Jim Hartman. He's a distributing agent for the mill. Their home is in Queensport. No one hears of a divorce. She and I are expecting our babies about the same time.

Every day I stand on my little porch and look about me with a happy sigh; at the nodding spruce pines and the silent friendly forests and the gleaming, rippling, dancing brooklet that almost circles our

house; and up the shimmering sides of Sandy Ridge topped by the great Skyline Drive; and just beyond lies Queensport, that marvelous little modern city of new opportunities.

Instead of my working in the mills, it is Ma. A separate cute little brick house was built in memory of the owner's mother, in which was placed Ma's own family loom. She teaches weaving and the old patterns. She is well paid. From that little house radiates an influence felt all over the community.

New Year's Eve all of us sat before the fire listening to Ma talk. She has made a few concessions to the new order; store teeth, good shoes and lovely soft home-spun dresses.

"To think—I kin go to church meetin' eve' Sunday," she said, rapturously. "Hit used to be onct er twict a year, then onct a month, and now hit's ever' week. Things move so fast these days, a body kin hardly keep up. But, chillen, God don' change; not er mite. An' His Book air allers the same. I done proved hit.

"Right thar in my cabin at Split Lick, God lived with me, and He lives with me here. I prayed death away from ever' chile I got. I prayed my babies into the world when the hour o' labor come on me. I prayed 'em into being good when they war bad. I prayed George outten jail—twict.

"I can' read the Bible that tells erbout God, but I hear hit read. I know nothin' much erbout doctrines and creeds and sech. I know what I *believe* an' I believe what I *know*."

(Continued from page 31)

need of spiritual refreshing that He arose a great while before day and went into the mountain to pray. We often wonder why we do not have spiritual power and victory in our lives. The answer seems to be just here, we could have if we would pay the price and seek it diligently. We have the idea somehow that all we have to do is to join some church and be baptized and go once in a while to the public service of the church and some way we will absorb the spiritual health we need. I watched a life-saving crew using an inhalator last summer. It was necessary. The purpose was to get, by artificial means, a natural respiration started again, but when the lungs of the victim began to function on their own the inhalator was removed, and was not used again on that person. Babies in Christ may need a spiritual inhalator for a short time, but I submit that it was never the mind of Christ that one should be provided for each member of the Church as they arrived at the door of the meeting house to worship. Some effort is required of the individual. Laziness is doing great harm in stunting the growth of converts who never seem to have found out how to become spiritually active and alert. The thorns that beset the life of such a one are many.

The people of God should arouse themselves out of their lethargic laziness now and be about the Master's business. We are like an army having eaten our fill of rich viands, we have stretched ourselves on the green grassy slopes beside the "still waters" and drifted off to sleep. The bugle sounds long and shrill, but alas!

this dread disease has taken many so completely that they do no more than turn themselves a little, for the next nap.

If the lazy man could only be aroused by the thorns referred to in this text and cease his lazy ways before it is too late, then they would serve a good purpose; but the text here seems to indicate that it is because he is lazy that the thorns are besetting him all along the way of his life.

The Captain of our salvation has sounded out His call and it is to do battle for the right and He will not sound retreat. From the hill and the valley comes the call to all His soldiers to "Awake! Shake off the lazy drowsiness and be on the march for our King and His Cause." The world languishes in death and dire need because we who have fattened on the good things of the Gospel have become self-satisfied and as a result lazy, until there are few who *go*, many who *come* for the blessings for themselves, but having come they stay, when the call is clearly "Come," and then "Go." There is not a moment for idle laziness in the camp anywhere.

Shall we not heed both the example and the call of our Lord to a more active service for Him? Must we have in the church always more than half the membership who, in plain understandable terms, are just too lazy to turn a hand to help in the most critical hour the church has possibly ever faced. Preacher and people alike will do well to make a careful examination of self to discover if we have drifted into this indifferent attitude toward the urgent need and call of the Kingdom of God, lest we may find our lives beset by thorns.

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JANUARY 1940

(Continued from page 41)

Cook the diced celery, tops and leaves in the water for one half hour. Peel and dice potatoes. Chop onions. Strain and add the potatoes and the onions. Cook for 20 minutes. Add the corn and the seasonings. Make white sauce of butter, flour and milk. Add to first mixture. Add more seasoning if desired. Yield: 50 portions (1½ cups per serving.)

We can't talk about American soups and omit Vegetable, the "Old Folks at Home" soup known in every country kitchen, one of those robust, satisfying combinations that fortify against the cold. The foundation of vegetable soup is beef stock so make that first.

BEEF STOCK

10 pounds beef, soup bone	2 teaspoons peppercorns
2½ gallons cold water	4 cups carrots
4 pounds veal and bone	1 cup onions
2 tablespoons salt	3 cups celery

Cut the beef and veal into cubes and soak one half of it in cold water for about 40 minutes. Sear the remainder of the meat and add to the meat which is soaking. Heat to boiling. Skim. Let simmer 2 or 3 hours. Add the seasonings and the vegetables and cook until vegetables are soft. Strain and cool. Use as stock for vegetable soup, consommé or meat sauces or gravies. Yield: 50 portions or 2½ gallons.

VEGETABLE SOUP

2 cups carrots	2½ gallons beef stock
1 cup turnips	3½ cups tomatoes, canned
2 cups cabbage	1 tablespoon salt
1 cup onions	Pepper to taste
1 cup rice	
1 quart water	

Wash, peel and dice the vegetables in ½ inch cubes. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Cook the rice in 1 quart of boiling water until tender. Add the rice to the vegetables. Add to the stock. Add the tomatoes and seasonings. Bring to the boiling point. Add more seasonings if necessary. Serve very hot. Yield: 50 portions (¾ cup per serving). If soup is to be a whole meal dish double this recipe.

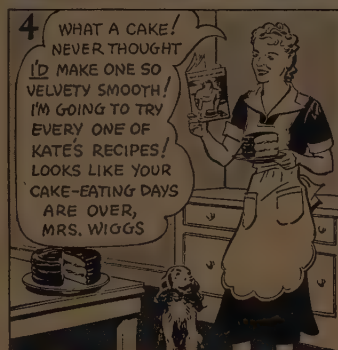
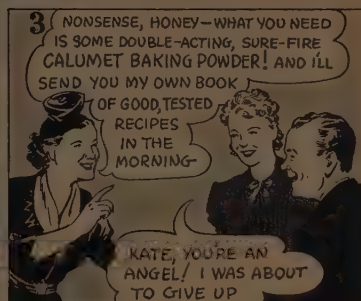
CROUTONS

Cut stale bread in ½ inch slices and remove crusts; spread thinly with butter and cut into ½ inch cubes. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until delicately brown or fry in deep fat.

Reminder: Each month this year this department will print one, and sometimes several, of the very best recipes being served by church groups at crowd suppers. One dollar is paid for each contribution we print. In submitting material give the name of your church, the group serving the suppers and the recipe ingredients in amounts to serve fifty guests. We do not re-test these recipes so please be careful that every item given is exactly right so no other group will spoil a supply of food by a foolish mistake. Come on ladies, send your guild's "Very Best Dish"; earn an extra dollar and see your recipe in print. Send all suggestions to Church Housekeeping Bureau, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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STAMPS ... Evaluator

By Winthrop Adams

MUCH as we've wanted to, we just haven't found it possible, up to now, to evaluate stamps sent in by the readers of this column. That would be a man-sized job, with some six hundred in the Stamp Club—but this week we finally got hold of a man-sized stamp collector who offers to evaluate any stamp forwarded to him, free of charge.

He is Mr. Harold Brooks. His address is Marshall, Michigan. He will be glad to tell you what your stamps are worth, *provided you enclose stamped return envelope with your stamps and request.* We cannot help you unless that is done.

We offer this service to the readers of the column, gratis. To guarantee safe return of your stamps, you'd better have the letter registered, and enclose an extra dime to Mr. Brooks so he can register them when he returns them. And here's hoping he makes a "find" in every envelope he gets.

New Zealand Airmail

Airmail stamp enthusiasts will thrill to the news just released in Washington that there will soon be an airmail service (via Pan American Airways) between San Francisco and Auckland, New Zealand. It may start in December, or at latest in January.

There are 100,000 covers waiting in Washington for the first flight! Between eight and nine thousand covers are waiting in New Zealand for the return flight.

Discounts

Letters have poured in following our announcement of stamp sales at seventy-five per cent discount. (Some of them, we find now, actually offer 75 per cent off catalogue for some stamps; examine them carefully; there are bound to be a

(Continued from page 35)

inhuman to turn people out in the morning without so much as a bite to eat. Especially in winter. Did you ever try going to work on an empty stomach? It seemed dreadful, even if your work is in a warm office. But think what it must be like—going to sit on a bench in the park, or to haunt the employment agencies, or just to walk, and walk, and walk, and wonder where all the sunrises and the sundowns of life have gone, and why everything is, instead, so grey, without any end in view, except the awesome, subtle end which marks the complete end of dreams, the end of hope, the end of ambition?

Well, anyway, these cold winter mornings, it will give you a feeling of comfort to know, while you are getting your own breakfast, that, through your own thought

few thin spots, mutilations, etc., in such lots as these, but there are good buys to be had here; we've looked them over.) Send stamped, return envelope if you want further information; we are ready to give you full particulars by return mail.

Question Box

Question: Make up your minds: are you offering six loose leaf sheets, or three, or five, or what? Ans.: Pardon us. We've been in a fog over that one. The offer is six sheets for a quarter, and we won't change that again.

Question: My young son has trouble with his hinges; they're always coming off the stamp or the book. How do we correct that? Ans.: You are probably using a poorly gummed, cheap hinge. Get the best; they are most inexpensive, even for Grade A. If your son has any valuable stamps, don't let him hinge them; use cellophane covers.

Question: Haven't you a cover for those loose-leaf sheets? Ans.: No. Go to a stamp dealer, or to a ten-cent store, and get an ordinary loose-leaf binder. Woolworth sells them cheaper than we can buy them.

Question: Is there a good book for children on stamp collecting? Ans.: Yes. There are several. Try "How To Collect Stamps," by Ralph A. Kimble or "Stamps of Many Lands," by Sigmund I. Rothschild. Try your local public library; it should have several books on this subject.

Question: Wouldn't it be good to mount stamps by pasting small hinges "catty-cornered" at the four corners, directly across the stamp? Ans.: Do that if you want to ruin your stamp by having hinge stick to it. It will be a good way to make a stamp valueless. Hinges are meant for the back of the stamp, *never* the face. You can, however, use ten-cent store cellophane corners, which allow the stamp to slip in and out. But this doesn't make a very good-looking book.

and contributions, the Bowery Mission is able now to give heartening, warming breakfast to the men, before they go on their way, in the morning.

It's a hard job, running the Bowery Mission. It takes a special kind of man to do it, with a special kind of vision. But no special kind of man, with any amount of special vision, can run the Bowery Mission without people at his back, to help him do the job. That's where you people come in—have come in, for more than forty years. You're St. John's sword and buckler, in a manner of speaking. So long as you stand by, with your nickels, and your dimes, and your dollar bills and, more important than all these, your prayers—he'll be able to go on and make the Bowery Mission—as you would make it if you could do it yourselves—the oasis it is in a cold, wind-swept waste.

(Continued from page 17)

suddenly felt that at last she had found someone whom she could trust.

"I am Natalia Dmitrievna, Baroness Molostroff," she began without hesitation. "I have not a great voice but my father, who was a music lover, brought instructors to Russia to teach me to use my small gift to best advantage."

She named the instructors and then, going on, spoke of the ruined Russia that followed the Revolution. Briefly she told of escaping from a Bolshevik prison after her husband had been murdered and fleeing across the frontier with only a small portion of the family wealth of money and jewels hidden for that very time of need. But of the efforts of her husband and herself to escape notice from the revolutionists, of the frequent questionings and the constant surveillance, of the arrest which came at last and the months in prison she said nothing. Nor of the plot among their friends outside which matured too late to save her husband, whose murder had been unexpectedly moved ahead; but in time to effect her escape.

The interest and sympathy in the welfare worker's face heartened her as nothing had done for many weeks and she went on to tell of the Paris to which she had gone after her escape, the Paris overrun with Russians, none of them with

MIDDAY

Burdens, of course, were mine
Trudging the up-hill road;
Always my soul received
Strength to carry the load.

Facing the down-hill now
Daily my prayer shall be,
"Lord for the trials to come
Stand by and strengthen me."

—Bessie Clark Randle

enough money and many of them in direst poverty, all unskilled in ways of earning the livelihood which, hitherto, had always been taken for granted.

"There were too few kinds of unskilled work for the too many unskilled Russians," she explained. "And when one after another of my friends had dropped from sight and quietly starved to death I took what was left of my money and came to America to see if I could establish myself in this land of plenty."

But in America, as elsewhere, skill was necessary if one would earn money. And she had no skills for which there was a market.

"I try so hard but soon my little money, it is all gone," she said simply, "and then I sing on the street. It is all I can do, sing."

For a second Miss Anderson considered before she spoke. "I think I know just the thing for you, Baroness," she said, glancing up at the clock. "But I am sorry to say that we shall have to discuss it later. Now I have to look in at a meeting for a little while."

A faint shiver was the only outward sign of the terror which swept over the baroness again. Why had she come there? To whom was this woman going to report? She kept her grey eyes steady but one hand tightened over the other in her

(Turn to next page)

"But mother... nobody's insulting you!"



John W.—shows his mother the new way to raise a baby.



1. SON: Take it easy, mother... I only said Sally had a right to raise the baby her own way.
MOTHER: Oh well, if my own son thinks I'm wrong—



2. SON: Mother, please!
MOTHER: All right, I won't say another word. If you two won't listen to me with all my experience, well—



3. SON: But mother, we've been over all that a million times. The doctor told Sally and me how to raise the baby. And we're going to listen to him.

MOTHER: What did he say that I don't know?



4. SON: He said that babies today should get special care. Their vegetables should be specially prepared... their milk formulas specially worked out, even their laxative should be made specially for them!

MOTHER: Special laxative? Just name me one!



5. SON: Certainly! It's called FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. And it's designed ONLY for children. It's mild... as a child's laxative should be. Yet it works thoroughly. And it's SAFE. You'll never find a harsh drug in Fletcher's Castoria.



6. MOTHER: Wel-l-l... it does sound sensible. But how does he like the taste?
SON: He loves it! I never knew a baby could take a medicine and think it fun at the same time!

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

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(Continued from page 49)



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lap until both hands grew numb. "A committee of ladies from an uptown church is giving some of our poorer mothers a party," Miss Anderson continued, beginning to clear her desk. "I had not meant to attend it but the committee member who was to take care of the largest part of their program was called away just after they arrived and she hasn't returned so I feel that I must help them a little. You will not mind coming with me for a few minutes? Afterward we will finish our talk."

Cold from head to foot, the baroness watched her. "But of course, I shall be happy," she accepted gravely. No one must know that she was afraid. Then she asked politely, "This woman, what was it that she was to do?"

"She was to give some humorous readings," explained Miss Anderson. "Her absence handicaps them somewhat for, you see, anything which the two groups can enjoy together helps bridge the gap between their daily lives."

The long, grey, Russian eyes looked at Miss Anderson calmly. "I will sing for them if it will help to make this so necessary bridge and save the party," she offered, covering her fear with generosity. "It will," smiled Sara Anderson. "I was hoping you would offer. Thank you."

So the tall, shabby woman sang, for the poor of the city while fear tugged at her nerves. And nothing happened except requests for another and still another song. The program was finished and still there was nothing. Members of the committee began to circulate through the room with plates of American ice cream and trays of sandwiches and small cakes.

Nice generous sandwiches, not too thin, noticed the baroness gratefully as she accepted the plate offered her and took a sandwich from the tray. Generous for the poor who were always hungry. Without demur she accepted a second sandwich when the pretty young woman urged it upon her. But, to her dismay, before she had time to eat it Miss Anderson and the chairman joined her.

"Thank you so much for helping us, Baroness," said the chairman graciously. "All of us enjoyed it immensely. It was much better than the readings would have been. We are greatly indebted."

"I am happy." The baroness inclined her head.

"Miss Anderson wasn't sure but she thought that perhaps you might be induced to sing at a meeting which our group is sponsoring next Wednesday evening," began the chairman, wondering to herself how titled foreigners achieved that aloof but courteous manner.

The baroness, glancing from the speaker to Miss Anderson and back again, found sudden enlightenment. So this was why it was necessary to finish their talk later! This was what the welfare worker had had in mind all the time. She could have laughed aloud in her relief as she listened to the diffident discussion of payment and length of program.

"Will you consider it, Baroness?" the chairman inquired at last. "And would that amount be satisfactory?"

"But yes, entirely satisfactory. And I shall be happy to sing for you."

"There," pointed out Miss Anderson as

soon as they were back in her office, "is your beginning. There are many church groups and clubs in the city. Yes, and in other cities."

The hope which had flared high in the singer's heart faded a little and doubt grew. "And you think that people will come to hear me, an unknown Russian stranger?"

"But, Baroness, you are still Russian, of course, but you are no longer an unknown stranger," laughed Sara Anderson. "The members of this committee have met you and after Wednesday evening there will be other people uptown who will have met you and told their friends of you."

She went on with her planning. The audiences would be small at first but it would lead, eventually, to larger audiences and to more important engagements. And her title would help.

"Titles always help in democratic countries," pointed out Miss Anderson with an indulgent smile. "It will help, too, when you feel that you can bring yourself to sing the songs of Russia and feature Russian music."

Baroness Molostroff looked at her for a moment. "I am sure that by next Wednesday evening I shall be able to bring myself to sing Russian songs," she decided with a faint hint of laughter in her voice. Hope was alight again.

"Good."

And it was good.

The tall, graceful woman in the chair on the screened porch of a summer cottage in the Berkshires smiled at the girl in the porch hammock and dragged her mind back from the picture of the past.

"But yes, certainly I will sing for the church anniversary service, Margaret," she said. "I shall be happy. And you will play the accompaniment? What would you like it that I sing?"

Young Margaret Ball, in charge of the music for the little country church, named four or five songs from which her hostess might choose. When the matter was settled, the country girl looked at the poised, rather stately woman, more distinguished looking in her plain cotton frock than most women are in velvet gowns, and wondered what it was that made her so different.

"It is so nice of you always to help us when we need help, Mrs. Tomlinson," she offered gratefully. "Until you began coming here summers I never believed that real singers were so generous with their singing. Your songs are always the high light of the service."

The long, Russian eyes were kind as they looked at the country girl. "America has been most kind, most generous to me, young Margaret. I shall be happy to sing. Always I am happy to sing. We shall be there early on Sunday. Mr. Tomlinson, too, though he is so lazy in his vacation time. We could not fail our little white church in the Hills."

Natalia Dmitrievna, who had worshipped in the magnificent cathedrals of Tsarist Russia, glanced from the girl to John Tomlinson, her American husband, with serenely smiling eyes. There was no longer a Baroness Molostroff. The past was dead. And fear had fled from her life. She was an American.

(Continued from page 39)

fronted him, he asked himself what his hero would have done. Then he began to refer those questions to Christ. He discovered that this is the way in which Jesus becomes the arbiter and guide of the soul. In every problem, in times when the choice must be made between two courses, when we are in doubt about how we should act in some emergency, how about Paul's question, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

Give us a desire to please Thee in all things, so that this day we may be found not only walking in Thy statutes, but also gladdening Thee by our obedience. Through our Redeemer, Amen.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16

"SET YOUR AFFECTION ON THINGS ABOVE."

READ COLOSSIANS 3:1-10.

IN SPITE of her overwhelming success, the hour came when Jenny Lind could no longer face her audiences. She abandoned the stage. Her friends were thunderstruck. What reason could she possibly have? Someone put the question to her. She was sitting outside her house, her Bible on her knee, and her eyes on the aureate glory of the sunset. "Why?" she repeated. "Because I found I was losing my taste for that," she said, pointing to the skies. "And," she went on, indicating the open book, "also for this, which is even more important."

Save us from allowing the second-best to rob us of the best. We ask it in Christ's name, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17

"ONE THING THOU LACKEST."

READ MARK 10:17-22.

THAT is what Jesus told the young ruler. Yet that does not seem so important, considering his many good qualities. Does it not? The one thing may be vital. A ship without a rudder cannot steer. An automobile without a battery will not run. A clock without a spring stands idle. A fire without the means to kindle the wood is a mockery on days like these. So there are essentials in life. What do we lack most?

Because we would grow in knowledge, and in likeness to Thee, aid us by Thy Spirit that we may be found daily replenished by Thy grace. In Christ's name, Amen.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18

"DO IT HEARTILY, AS TO THE LORD."

READ ECCLESIASTES 9:7-11.

NO ARTIST ever cherished higher ideals or perceived the spiritual values of his work more than George Frederick Watts. A friend once asked him what had been his rule of life. Watts thought for a moment, and then replied, "From my early days I have had one motto, which I have sought to obey, and which I have kept until this hour. It is this: 'The utmost for the highest.'" Never

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to paint what was unworthy, never to do less than his best, therefore became possible. That might well prove of worth to us.

Thou didst give Thy best for us, for Thou didst not spare Thine only Son, but didst deliver Him up for us all. Help us to give our utmost to Thee. For the Saviour's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19

"FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER, FORGIVING."

READ COLOSSIANS 3:12-17.

THE man who has "a chip on his shoulder" is to be pitied. He may not know of his fault; everyone else does! He moves among his fellow-men perpetually carping. A typical instance is the elder brother in Christ's parable. Both his father and brother must feel the bitterness of his resentment. But his ugly temper is apparently unknown to the man himself. When we remember how Christ took a cross on His shoulder, how He took man's sins upon His heart, we have no call to be churlish, ill-tempered, and critical.

O Thou who knowest our frailty, forgive us that we grieve Thee and hurt our fellows by our lack of likeness to our Master. Help us to the better way.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20

"IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE..."

READ PROVERBS 1:7-16.

"KEEP to the right" is a familiar sign to all users of the highway. It is the unwritten rule of the road. By observing this, not only does traffic move easily and without confusion, but also many accidents are avoided. So to keep to the right is a good rule. Is it confined only to motor traffic? It is essential to all human welfare. When God forbids man to indulge in certain sins, when He prescribes a given course for the soul, that is not an arbitrary command. It is a rule by which man's good can be secured.

All Thy ways are in wisdom and love, and we pray that our hearts may be ever set to obey Thy commandments. Amen.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21

"STRENGTHEN THY BRETHREN."

READ LUKE 22:24-32.

MAGGIE TULLIVER, in *The Mill on the Floss*, was like a swimmer who had struggled almost in vain against the cross-current, and then had been flung, exhausted against the rocks. A strong hand was outstretched to rescue her. It was Dr. Kenn, the physician who as his name might suggest, was one who knew.

Out of our own experience of God's restoring grace, we may be of inestimable help to others. Will you try to follow Christ's counsel and lend a hand?

O Thou who didst look with understanding on Thy servant Peter, help us through Thy mercy to us to be a blessing to some other life. For Thy love's sake.

MONDAY, JANUARY 22

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

READ EPHESIANS 4:14-20.

WE ARE often tempted to give people a piece of our mind! They exasperate us. That is why we feel like voicing good, strong condemnation. Yet, just as often, those who are so generous in giving away a piece of their mind have not too much for themselves! It is far better to cultivate a noble patience with the failings of other people, to overlook some of their irritating ways, and generally to make the best of things. And the Lord is our example. When He was reviled, He reviled not again.

So gracious hast Thou been with us, so patient with our shortcomings, that we would also make allowance for those who try us. Help us to noble self-control.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 23

"CONFESS ME BEFORE MEN."

READ LUKE 9:23-27.

IN THE Indian Mutiny, a young officer was captured with a handful of natives. He was led to the Mahomedan chief, and was promised his life on one condition. If he would repeat a passage from the Koran, and renounce Christianity, he would be spared. He hesitated. Who would know? Then his better self prevailed. With resolute courage he faced his captors. "If that is the only way I can save my life, then I choose death rather than dishonor." In this day, there is an urgent demand for loyalty to Christ. Paul was not ashamed of the Gospel. Are we true to Christ?

Reinforce us with Thy power, kindle anew our courage, that we may not be ashamed to own Thee as our Saviour, nor ever bring dishonor on Thy name.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24

"HE THAT DOETH TRUTH COMETH TO THE LIGHT."

READ JOHN 3:18-21.

WONDERFUL things become so familiar that their wonder vanishes. No one thinks much about the X-ray now. The surgeon and even the dentist utilize them constantly. Yet no one dreads having an X-ray examination. If there is something wrong, that picture will reveal it. Then the necessary treatment can be given. Why should we refuse to come to the light divine? God's fatherly love desires only the best for us.

Take from us all fear of Thee, except the reverence due to Thy name. Enable us so to live in fellowship with Thee that our souls may be healed. For Jesus' sake.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25

"THE NAME OF THE LORD"

READ PSALM 54.

THAT we should wish for an easy life is natural. But it is ignoble. Better than
(Continued on page 54)

NEW BOOKS TO READ

By
DANIEL A. POLING

NOEL COWARD, famous dramatist, has written his first fiction, "An Omnibus of Three Short Novels," which appeared in the December *Cosmopolitan*. The occasion is, of course, notable in contemporary literature.

One of the stories, "What Mad Pursuit?" is an eloquent temperance tract! The author would deny the indictment, but the tale itself is overwhelming evidence against him. When Mr. Coward turns his incomparable wit toward the contemporary Long Island scene, he sketches with bold and even tragic strokes "private lives" that are characteristic of a certain growing section of American public life. Under the deft touch of Noel Coward, in a short week end, we watch bodies decay and morals disintegrate. If the author is believed—and he is very convincing—week end parties on the Island among the socially elect and economically advantaged become eventually, and rather quickly, drinking bouts in which a very thin veneer is peeled and where everyone, including the movie hero and the distinguished English guest, gets drunk.

This Nation Under God, by Arthur E. Holt, (Willett, Clark & Co., \$2.00). Dr. Holt believes that democracy is at the heart of the great plan which is working itself out in the universe. The foundation of democracy is moral—not economic or even educational. Christianity and democracy are interrelated, and vitally so. Totalitarianism is anathema to democracy. With scholarly poise and dynamic eloquence, Dr. Holt has made a front rank contribution to American thought.

European Jungle, by F. Yeats-Brown, (Macrae-Smith Company, \$3.00). This is a timely, vivid—brutally and eloquently vivid—picture of European return to the Dark Ages. The chapter of Spain, "Arriba España!" raises questions as to the author's ability to deal dispassionately and factually with revolutionary events. His bitterness against Syndicalism and Communism will be echoed by Americans generally. But he ignores too much that was soundly democratic and worthy in the government Mussolini, Hitler and Franco overthrew. This chapter, for those personally acquainted with the European situation, will raise serious questions as to the entire book. But hard-hitting and brilliant it certainly is.

The Life of Greece, by Will Durant, (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95). The flap of this monumental work contains the words, "A history of Greek government, industry, manners, morals, religion, philosophy, science, literature, and art from the earliest times to the Roman conquest." It is that, all of it, made luminous by the amazing genius of Will Durant. Not in half a hundred years has a historian taken over so boldly the structure of a civilization that continues to hold in its spell each succeeding generation of thinkers and dreamers. It is more than a companion volume for "The Story of Civilization." It is the peer of that, and destined to live as an immortal saga.

In Stalin's Secret Service, by W. G. Krivitsky, (Harper & Brothers, \$3.00). A shocking, incredible, but prophetic book! The explanation of the Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact is here, with the half-hearted intervention in the Spanish Civil War and Stalin's secret operations in the American underworld, including the counterfeiting of ten million American dollars. We are given a behind-the-scenes picture of Stalin's conspiracy against his own army leaders and their mass execution. The story is at once nauseating and challenging. It is exactly what the American people have waited for. Inevitably it turns the white light of publicity upon all European diplomatic affairs and makes more than ever apparent the wisdom of keeping these United States free from entanglements with the diplomacy and the diplomats of Europe.

After Seven Years, by Raymond Moley, (Harper & Brothers, \$3.00). Only one man could have written this book. Only one man has both the facts and the nerve (some will say, effrontery) to do it. Raymond Moley was the amanuensis, ghost-writer, adviser and confidant, first of a political candidate and then of a President. Apparently he anticipated the possibility of these relationships being severed; also the inevitability of just such a book as he has written. History is indebted to his encyclopedic memory and to a notebook that was never left behind. "After Seven Years" is utterly devastating in some particulars and always absorbs the interest of the reader. It will eventually appear in every library of the country in my opinion.

Candle in the Dark, A Postscript to Despair, by Irwin Edman, (The Viking Press, \$1.25). Here is brilliant humor and subtle charm. In spite of all the reasoning, the conclusion is prophetic. This is another way of saying that faith is still the victory that overcomes the world.



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HARPER & BROTHERS

(Continued from page 52)

a burden to fit the back is a back fitted for the burden. The student develops by tackling hard and abstruse subjects; the athlete by increasing his powers of resistance. God develops human souls in a similar way. Joseph, sold as a slave, grossly maligned, thrust into prison, forgotten apparently by God and man, came forth a finer personality.

O Father, Thou art ever solicitous for our highest good. Impart both faith and courage that we may never fail Thee.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26

"FORGET NOT ALL HIS BENEFITS."

READ PSALM 103:7-18.

WITH genial, yet possibly veiled, sarcasm, the psalmist thrusts us into a corner. In common parlance, he puts us on the spot! When we sit down to count our blessings, we discover how impossible is the task. Perhaps that is why some of us have given up trying, and why we take our mercies for granted. Life, health, home, our loved ones, some work to do. His sustaining strength throughout the day, the encouragement, guidance, comfort, and cheer ministered to us, make us debtors indeed.

That we recount so readily the gifts withheld, and forget so easily those bestowed, we implore Thy pardon. Amen.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU."

READ JOHN 16:27-33.

THESE are days which try both faith and patience. There is so much uncertainty. There are so many factors which perplex. Yet we may pray, "Drop Thy still dews of quietness till all our strivings cease." Granting that duty grows more exacting, and life's obligations become irksome, we need not be either irritable, ill-humored, or moody. The sovereign Christ, who calmed the tempest, says to us, "Let not your heart be troubled." Thus may we find, this Sabbath day, quiet, renewal, and grace.

Great Father of us all, with heart attuned to Thy will, help me this day to find that relief in which soul strength may be mine. In the name of Christ.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28

"COME UNTO ME. AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

READ HEBREWS 4:1-11.

THE world is full of unrest. Men who have borne their loads bravely show signs of wear and tear. We are all conscious of lowered morale issuing in worry and fretfulness. The cure for our malady is what? Not a wild plunge into frivolity; not refuge in fatalism which bids the soul to submit; not even in luxurious self-pity. The cure lies with Christ. He can so readjust the soul, first to God, then to life, that a new sense of well-being is created.

Gracious Lord, receive and reinvigorate my soul through Thy restoring grace, that I may live to Thy glory. Amen.

MONDAY, JANUARY 29

"HE IS AT MY RIGHT HAND."

READ PSALM 16.

IAN MACLAREN, the famous author of many Scottish stories, was Dr. John Watson, a devout and devoted minister of Christ. He had a copy of Reni's "Ecce Homo" hanging opposite his desk. And he found there an abiding inspiration for his work. If he had failed to declare the truth for fear of man, if he had left undone some known duty, or given less than his best to his tasks, then it seemed that the Face was clouded over. If he had striven to be true, to give his utmost, to sacrifice himself for Christ's sake, then that Face seemed to glow with an approving smile. Is Christ so real to us?

O Lord, who art ever seeking to enrich our lives and enlarge our influence, keep us so near to Thee that we may be daily inspired by Thy presence.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30

"IN GOD IS MY SALVATION."

READ GALATIANS 6:1-9.

THE quaint grandfather clock was nearly two hundred years old. It was going long before that shot was fired which echoed around the world. The clock's momentum came from a heavy weight, hanging inside the case. It seemed unfair that it should be so burdened, so we lifted the weight. At once, the ticking ceased. "Why do that?" the clock inquired. "We thought we were being kind." "Please release the weight. That keeps me going." Have life's responsibilities and obligations a similar part to play? Then, strange though it may appear, we may well thank God for the weight we bear.

O loving Father, sustain us daily by Thy grace. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31

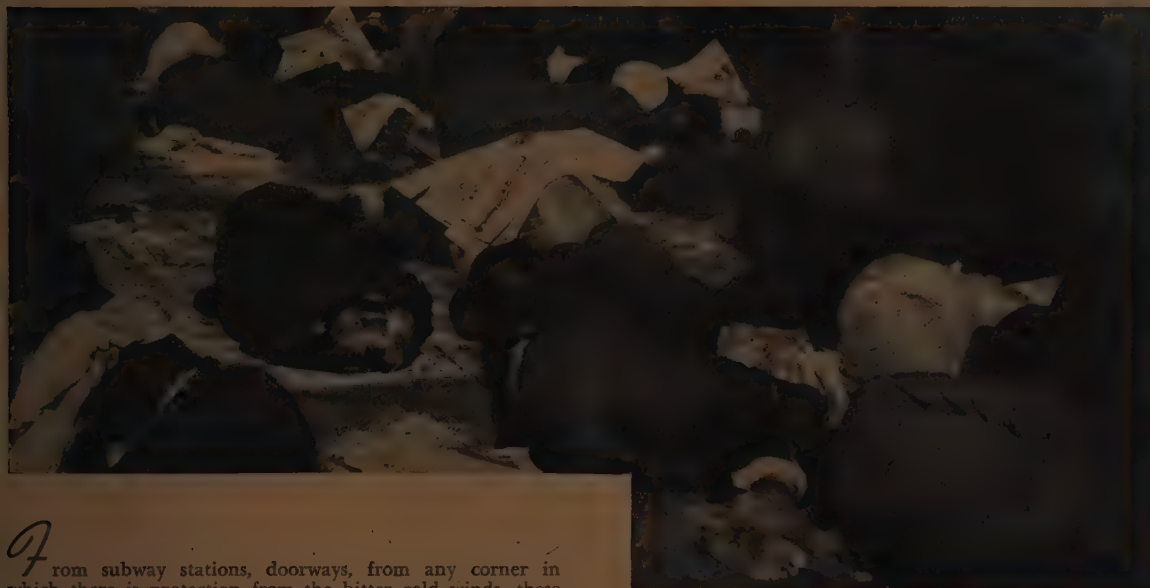
"HE WILL SUSTAIN THEE."

PSALM 55:16-23.

IT SEEMS impossible, yet a railroad official says it is true. He saw a man, carrying a heavy pack, walking alongside the tracks. When he asked the man what he was doing there, he produced a ticket for a point in Pennsylvania. In broken English, he explained that he thought that gave him permission to use the railroad's right of way! He was eventually put aboard a train, bundle and all. Yet was he really more foolish than we? We carry loads our Father never intended should be ours. Yet, all the time, we know that part of these loads belong to God. Trust Him. He will sustain thee.

Forgive us, O Father, in that, while we profess to believe in Thy goodness, we fail to trust Thee as Thou dost deserve. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

WHAT KIND OF MEN ARE THESE?



From subway stations, doorways, from any corner in which there is protection from the bitter cold winds, these men creep forth into the gray dawn of another day—with newspapers as blankets and sheets, they have survived another day of hunger and misery.

What kind of men are these? How do they manage to survive at all?

Naturally some of them are just hopeless bums living on charity—what a price to pay to live!

Many of these men are in but temporary trouble: young men who have come to New York for adventure and found bitter experience; men who have heard New York was rich—and that there were plenty of jobs to be had—not knowing the city has a great number of its own unemployed; hopeless men, sick, too old, robbed of ambition and interest, they are the most pitiful.

Even the confirmed beggar is an object of pity, but the disillusioned young men are our more immediate problem and job. We found three of them on our breadline the other day—three boys from states far from New York. Out of money they had come to the Bowery Mission for food and clothing. With a little food in their stomachs we found them glad to talk. Not one of them had written home, their families did not know where or how they were. The first thing we did was to make them write home. Before long all of them will be sent home.

Our greatest sympathy goes to the old men—they are so utterly helpless. Most of them alone in the world, out of jobs, friends and money. They, too, have come to us from other states and it is only missions such as ours that will give them charity.

Then there is the man who in his weakness is no longer master of himself—who has become a slave to his vice. From the pulpit of the Mission come the stories nightly of men who have risen from this slough of despair and now serve their Master in giving strength to the weak ones.



You ARE OUR ONLY SUPPORT



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FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery



AS I sit down to write of garden matters such as the new All-America annuals and the like, for January, I keep thinking of a living room—though we always called it the sitting room—in a house in a country village. It is late afternoon and the glow from the big base burner brings cheer to a day that is gloomy outdoors.

Grandfather is sitting in a rocking chair by a west window, stove on one side, a table on the other. There is the current annual Sunday School Teachers' Manual on the table. Inevitably the *Christian Herald* is somewhere nearby. This time of year there would be too, the first of the seed catalogues. Grandfather was beginning his year's gardening. It was time to make up lists of vegetables and flower seeds to be ordered.



FOR those of us who live anywhere in the North, the time to think about gardening is in dead of winter, when our seed and nursery catalogues arrive. I don't believe a lot of folks really appreciate these catalogues nor do they get all the benefit possible from them.

These catalogues contain, as anyone knows, lists of seeds and plants, both the new and the older standard kinds. But they also picture some of them and describe the color of others. They give time of bloom and its duration, height of plants, how to sow or plant, whether for sun or shade, how to care for them, and any other information that is pertinent to good culture and success. If you take two or three catalogues together, you have a pretty good encyclopedia.



FOR some time now, the seedsmen have been issuing each year what is called the All-America Selections list of new annuals. This annual list is based on a series of trial grounds maintained in various parts of the country where the new varieties the seed growers have originated are tested and judged. Of the eighty-four entries in last summer's trials, about thirteen were awarded silver or bronze medals or given honorable mention.

In your catalogues, for instance, you will find that the 1940 All-America Selections list contains three new sweet peas, in rose pink, blue and lavender colors. These collectively represent a new strain or family of spring-blooming and heat-resistant sweet peas. These originated in California and are probably destined to become popular. They may bring an increased interest in growing of sweet peas.



ON THE 1940 All-America list are two new petunias. One of these, Glow, is a bright rose red with a lighter throat. The other is Cream Star, of soft creamy

white. Both of these are rather dwarf, compact plants that will be covered with bloom all summer. To save space, let me tabulate the others, with just a few words of each. More details will be found in catalogues, of these others:

Ageratum, Midget Blue, a little dwarf of fine habit.

Antirrhinum (Snapdragon), Rosalie, rust-resistant of pink-rose color.

Scabiosa (Pincushion Flower), Heavenly Blue, a dwarf and bushy plant of long-blooming habit.

Marigold, Limelight, pale yellow of medium height with intensely green foliage.

Marigold, Pigmy Yellow, a small double of rich color.

Convolvulus, Lavender Rosette, a dwarf, creeping cousin of the morning glory with little clusters of small lavender-blue flowers.

Salvia, Royal Blue, a bedding type of blue salvia of erect habit, rich color and fine for cutting.



MY friends who like roses do not always have clearly in mind the different kinds of roses. Yet probably ninety per cent of all the roses planted each year are of just one type, regardless of the other types. This rose, universally grown, is the hybrid tea or monthly blooming rose. This is a great flower, providing one understands just what it is and how to take care of it.

In our part of the country, the hybrid tea rose comes in bloom the last of May into early June and then gives a succession of blooms about every thirty days all through the season up to fall, providing it is cared for rightly. The trouble is that this is the rose that must be sprayed frequently to control diseases and insects, that must be pruned properly, that needs correct feeding, that has to be protected over winter, if one is to have the gorgeous blooms, with all their fragrance and color. Typical examples of this class are Radiance, Talisman, Margaret McGredy and Mme. Butterfly.



YET if a gardener wants color, fragrance, almost continuous bloom, less disease trouble and much more hardiness, the way to have such is to plant polyantha roses, sometimes called baby ramblers. These roses have everything except large size of bloom. There is even fairly good size too in some varieties of a newer version of these, technically hybrid polyanthas but frequently listed as floribunda

Varieties in these two groups vary as to height, bloom size and can be had in a wide selection of colors. All however bloom in clusters and keep blooming pretty consistently all season.

(Continued from page 28)

to be crawled back along the roof again, at the stove poker, and went up again and cleaned the thing out. He was blue with cold when he got through, but even on the long twenty-mile drive back home, he never once uttered a word of complaint. He was real, that one.

I often tell my listeners that I learned a lot from that man. He had taken up smoking, besides ironing, in jail, and at the end of his stay with us he got a job in a bakery in Hartford. There he has been ever since. He's married now, and he lives out with his family to see us, often. I send you a Christmas card every year. Let if we hadn't taken him in, he might have been sent back to jail.

We took in one girl that Moms couldn't put up with for more than two weeks. She never saw a thing to do, and she couldn't have done it if she'd seen it. But she was honest, and never pouty or sullen. We found her a home, after carefully explaining her peculiarities to her employer. She stayed at this house a month, and she stayed with her next employer nearly all summer, and finally she stayed for several years with a family that happened to live near her sister, who worked in Hartford.

We still do a great deal of placement work with these girls, sending them out to good homes. We usually arrange that they shall stay two weeks at least; by that time both the girl and her employer know whether or not they want to go on. In this way no girl is ever "fired," and no one quits a job. The girl's mother can say, "Susie has been helping Mrs. Smith for two weeks. . . ." But seldom do they stay only two weeks; usually the employer wants to keep them.

We insist that these girls eat with the family, especially when there is no company and when they are not needed to wait on the table. While there is no need for them to be with the family all the time, neither is there any need for them to spend all their spare time alone, "upstairs." When they agree to that, they usually get along in great style. I've known many a mother and many a child to cry when the "visiting girl" went back home.

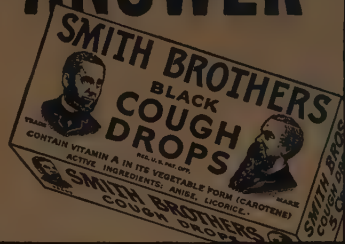
I called several times at one home where I learned that the matter of taxes was worrying the family sick. They were threatened with loss of their home at the time I began to preach in a nearby town. At a union service I received a collection of twelve dollars, which I promptly turned over to the tax collector with word that I'd raise the rest of it if he'd give me a few days. The family had raised a number of turkeys, but they had no way to deliver them to the market, and no telephone to solicit buyers. It wasn't long before I'd sold every turkey they had, and they paid off the last of their taxes.

When the daughter of that household was sixteen, I got her a position as helper in a splendid home for five dollars a week. The woman who took her in became interested in her family, and supplied them with many a suit of clothes and many a barrel of food. Every two weeks that girl took home ten dollars. They paid up their debts, bought a horse and eventually Model T to cut their wood.

(Next month—"Dark Days.")

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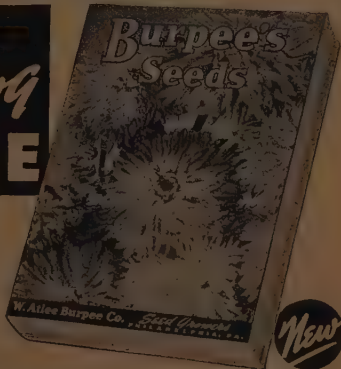
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(Continued from page 6)



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Being an author, in the second place, means concentration. Writing spasmodically in that time which is stolen from running a busy household and directing a large family is seldom practical. Some fine stories and articles have been credited to men who wrote after the daily task was over, or to women who have sandwiched in a period of production between baking a cake and darning a basketful of stockings. But for the most part—and if it is practical—writing should be done regularly, at regular hours. If you're going to earn a living by writing, you can't wait for inspiration, either. Inspiration is a fickle jade, and she sometimes delays her visits mercilessly!

I go into my study every day, just as I would go to an office. I work steadily from nine until twelve and from twelve-thirty until five—and, when I have much to accomplish, I work until long after five.

I allow the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker to intrude as little as is humanly possible, and I seldom go in for social affairs during the daytime.

My study or office is very simply equipped. My furniture is cheap save for the desk which was my grandmother's and which I use for sentimental reasons. I have rag rugs upon the floor, and a filing cabinet and a typewriter, and a home-made bookcase in which there are only reference books. My typewriter, however, is not cheap—it is best to go the limit in buying a typewriter if you're planning upon a writing career!

Above my desk hangs a picture. There are some trees in it and there's a wide calm meadow in the foreground, and the skyline is broad and beautiful. I cherish this picture because, although I have trained myself to efficiency, I am incurably romantic. I like to look up from my work into the heart of that landscape. I like to wonder just whose face may appear at the place where the meadow meets the sky. The landscape rests me and, in a way, stimulates my imagination. I would suggest just such a picture for every author who regularly works at a desk. A landscape or a seascape or a road that leads to anywhere or nowhere will act as a tonic to a tired mind.

As I said before, my office boasts the best typewriter that money can buy, and never are the ribbons of that typewriter permitted to grow gray and holey, for sloppy typing can often ruin the sale of a brilliantly written article or story. This statement may sound absurd to the uninitiated, but every editor knows that it is true. I have been an editor myself and it has taken real perseverance, at times, to get me past the first paragraphs of a soiled and jumbled manuscript. So many pages cross the desk of the average editor that he must perforce become weary from too much reading. The manuscript which features the neatest typing and the most charming appearance is apt to win the closest attention.

The stationery that I use is also of good quality, and I give as much care to my envelopes as I do to my paper—even though envelopes seldom reach the editorial desk. I try not to send out a manuscript of a story or an article that has been carelessly folded, for sometimes a fold

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will occur in the middle of an important sentence and spoil the effect of that sentence—also, a flat manuscript is easier for an editor to read. (You know, yourself, how you feel about a magazine that has been too tightly rolled or folded!) For these two reasons I purchase large, square, heavy envelopes which will not crush from rough handling. Upon these envelopes I paste labels attractively printed with my return address, but, although I enclose stamps with those manuscripts that are not ordered, I never enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Far be it from me to make it too easy for an editor to return my work! *That's good psychology.*

And now, rather hesitantly, we come to the question of finance, which is a vastly important part of this writing business. Sometimes an author will have a run of luck, selling two or three stories in a bunch, and for goodly sums. And then—because success is as fickle as inspiration—this same author may go on for months without making a single sale. If he or she has spent each check as it arrived, overstimulated by wealth, and buying luxuries instead of necessities—he or she is apt to face days and weeks which are grim, indeed! Being penniless—if you're in a creative profession—is not only depressing; it often limits production.

My way of meeting the financial problem of recurrent plenty and equally recurrent poverty, has worked out very successfully, for *I pay myself a salary.* The salary is not large—from my point of view it's not nearly what I'm worth—but it's adequate. When I receive checks I deposit them in the bank in what I call my business account. I never feel that the checks belong to me—they are a part of the capital of the firm that is M. E. S., Inc. I am permitted to take from this capital only my weekly wage—no more, no less. This means that my periods of success and failure balance after a fashion; in other words, I strike a decent financial average during the year and sometimes have a margin left over for the ever hungry savings account.

Last—but not least—comes the question of selling the finished product. And upon this question I can give the embryo author little help. You yourself, if you have done any reading, will know which magazines and publishing houses are logical markets for your type of work. Often the lack of suitability—which is really a lack of judgment on the author's part—may prejudice a magazine against that author.

Markets are limited. As the years go by fewer magazines are born and more magazines die. On the other hand, fewer authors die and more of them are born. For this reason a manuscript must actually fight its way into print. It must have substance and charm and some sort of message!

The above paragraph is perhaps depressing to you who are beginning writers, but let me give you this crumb of comfort. Every editor is thrilled at the discovery of a new author who has something to say, and says it well—and each manuscript that has real fighting ability will win its place in the sun. Big names have their undeniable value upon the cover of a magazine, but every big name was once a novice! Remember that!

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JANUARY



Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.



JANUARY 7

The Christian's Confession of Faith

MATT. 16:13-28
(Printed lesson, Matt. 16:13-24)

WE CONTINUE for three months more the study of the Gospel of Matthew, paying particular attention to what Jesus said about the Kingdom of Heaven. Today's lesson is a fit one with which to open a new year.

1. *Confession must be personal.* There are two tendencies to be observed in the organized church today and they are in opposite directions. One exalts "corporate" worship,—that is, group, or congregational, or mass participation. The other pays sole attention to the individual and cares little about the application of the gospel to social needs.

The Kingdom of God will be built by neither of these alone.

2. *The deity of Christ sincerely proclaimed by men and women is the basis of the Kingdom.* Was it Peter, or was it his confession, "Thou art the Christ," which brought praise from the Master? Or was it neither of these alone? Much controversy over these simple questions has existed through the centuries.

But it is only in a limited sense that one apostle could be the spokesman for others. Peter's lofty declaration could never take the place of a like statement by James, or by St. Augustine, or by you, or by me. Is it too much to demand that Jesus Christ acknowledged as the Son of God is the *sine qua non* of entrance into the Kingdom on the part of any believer?

3. *The Church is a fellowship.* Each class will do well to discuss what is meant by the Church. Too often it is looked on as a complex organization with the complicated machinery of priests, bishops, and other clergy, and with committees, boards and societies. "If we ask what this word meant with Jesus and His first followers, we must drop all ideas of elaborate organizations, of priesthood and authority. It was simply the company of His followers of which Jesus was here speaking, the new community joined to Him in loyalty and trust."

4. *To be a Saviour demands sacrifice.* After hearing from His disciples the confession of His Messianic claim, Jesus immediately told them how that claim would be treated by the authorities. It will bring Him much suffering, He said, and finally His rejection and death at the hands of His enemies.

5. *True discipleship costs a great price.* Jesus named two conditions of discipleship, and both are hard. The first is "to deny the relation of self-interest and control which a man is supposed to hold to himself, in the interest of humanity and of God." The second is that a disciple is to

follow the example of Jesus in giving up everything, even life itself, that belongs to his selfish interests.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Does it make any difference what opinion of Christ a person holds today?
2. What substitutes for faith in Christ's deity are used as foundation stones for the church?

JANUARY 14

The Problem of Forgiveness

MATT. 18:15 to 19:30
(Printed lesson, Matt. 18:21-35)

IT IS not too strong a statement that rates the presence or absence of forgiveness a problem. To those who deal with human nature as it is, in home, school, factory, office, and even in the Church forgiveness is far too rarely demonstrated. When it is present other graces and virtues have a chance to thrive; when it is absent the gates of a person's life are closed to just about every other good thing.

Four Aspects of Forgiveness. Again coming to the front, Peter showed that he was not satisfied with the former reference to forgiveness. "How many times shall I forgive my brother?" he asked. In answering this Jesus narrated the parable of the unmerciful servant. The whole lesson here illustrates the petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

(1) Forgiveness is not to be measured by counting. "When an injury is forgiven, it is absolutely canceled so far as the injured person is concerned. There must be no counting at all. Ten times the limit suggested by Peter will be far too little. Multiply that again by seven, and it will not be too much." Forgiveness is a spiritual service, not a mechanical method of setting things to rights.

(2) Forgiveness is two-sided,—that is, two must partake of it. It is not enough for the injured party to say "I forgive." The wrongdoer must desire forgiveness and must seek it. Even God who is all-forgiving cannot reconcile those who do not wish to be forgiven.

(3) Being forgiven, we must forgive. "The greatest creditor in the universe is God; all wrong affects Him; all sin is sin against Him. And He forgives the whole, freely and without stint or reservation. . . . The very least we can do is to extend to the petty wrongs we have received that same forbearance which we have so richly received. And if we fail to apply this principle we have before us the warning of the parable." (Robinson, *Gospel of Matthew*.)

(4) Unforgiveness brings punishment. While many persons might agree that a forgiving spirit is to be commended, not

all would say that its lack is a grievous sin against God. The king in the parable was angry against the unmerciful, unforgiving servant. It is therefore no trivial matter to pray the Lord's Prayer.

Questions for class discussion

1. Would you rate forgiveness as an important element in Christian character? Why?
2. How much obligation has a Christian to seek out an offending brother and attempt reconciliation?
3. Are some actions outside the realm of human forgiveness?

JANUARY 21

A New Standard of Greatness

MATTHEW 20

(Printed lesson, Matt. 20:17-28)

THE student cannot get away from the courageous attitude of Jesus steadfastly going toward Jerusalem to a known and certain destruction. No feature of His worthy character stands out more than this, that He could not and would not avoid the complete, though unpleasant, fulfillment of His mission. For the third time (vv. 17-19) He minutely described to His journeying disciples the details of coming events, even including the prediction of His resurrection.

Seekers of Privilege. It is strange that under such a forbidding outlook two of the disciples, James and John, should make their approach on a question which seemed so out of time. Through their mother they asked the privilege of sitting in the choicest places in the throne-room of the coming Kingdom. Doubtless there was a definite remembrance of Jesus' previous assurance that those who had left all to follow Him would receive ample reward, and that the twelve would sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel (19:28).

Thorough-going Disciples. Two answers were given by the Master to these two followers: (1) "You do not comprehend what you are asking." The thinking of the disciples was not clear on the matter of the Kingdom, nor could it be so long as they were unaware of preliminary events which now were so much in Jesus' meditations. They are not to be blamed too much for their failure to comprehend the idea of a spiritual Kingdom, which was altogether without precedent. It is hard enough for men of our day to grasp after it has had centuries of establishment and millions of witnesses. (2) A question: Are you able to drink the cup that I am about to drink? "The cup" is a metaphor for "lot in life,"—that is, "Are you able to go through with the experience that is certainly laid out for me?" The reference was to His persecution, struggle, and death in Jerusalem. The metaphor of baptism carried the same meaning. With courage and sincerity, but without understanding, they declared their willingness.

The Real Basis of Greatness. Not long before He had held up before them a little child and had said, "The Kingdom of God is made up of such as this. Who would be great must become as a little child." Now He refers to Himself as the example: "The Son of Man is a minister, a servant. Who would be great must be of this sort."

The added expression (vs. 28) is the (Turn to page 63)

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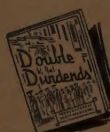
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"Hefty" is in his second year at Wayne University: the little girl fan who figured in "Life Can Be Very Pleasant at Fifteen" has her first baby, a beautiful boy.

Dr. Watson, responsible for the Alfred carillon, went to Belgium this summer to procure the rest of the big bells, and while he was on the ocean war was declared. He missed passage on the Athenia by only twenty minutes, and returning to the Continental war zone narrowly escaped a concentration camp!

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Mothers-in-Law in the Bible

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Dear Sir:

Lying awake recently at night, I decided to think of all the mature women mentioned in the Bible; and I thought of one who is passed over completely.

You know how wives are not enthusiastic about their husbands bringing home unexpected company; but this man had such a good mother-in-law he was not afraid to bring home twelve men unexpectedly for Sunday dinner.

Jesus and his twelve disciples went to church one Sunday (to put it in modern language). He healed the man with the withered arm and the Pharisees were quite excited about it, so Peter (the good son-in-law who took his mother-in-law into his home at his wife's death,) said to Jesus and the disciples "come home to dinner with me and we'll talk it over!"

The old lady was sick when they reached there, so Jesus healed her and she got the dinner.

We think of Peter as swearing and denying his Lord, but this little incident of taking care of his mother-in-law is lost sight of; also that the old lady was so nice he wasn't afraid to drop unexpected company on her. But what did she give them? The first call I make when I get to Heaven will be on her to find out; no canned goods, no electric refrigeration!

Christian Herald ran a series of articles once by Josiah Allen's wife; and she said the first thing to do when you come home from church was not to start the cooking but to put on the table cloth, then the men settled down, they thought the meal would appear soon and didn't get in the way in the kitchen.

How I used to enjoy Josiah Allen's wife! Do you think the good son-in-law and mother-in-law have been overlooked?

Very truly,
Isabel Rogers Burton

Perhaps good mothers-in-law make good sons-in-law. Or maybe Peter just took advantage of his mother-in-law's good nature or the obligations she owed him for taking care of her. What do you readers think?

America's Leadership

Montclair, N. J.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Thanks are certainly due you for the editorial in the November issue of *Christian Herald*, and also for Mr. Meadowcroft's article.

Whatever one's views, the conclusion drawn seems inescapable; that after three centuries the people who settled here have "become a mighty nation," and that "the day has dawned when the United States of America must accept her world leadership." Mr. Meadowcroft finally suggests that "it may be America's opportunity to determine the world's history in the generations immediately ahead."

It is surely seldom that He "who stands within the shadows" in His mercy offers second opportunity.

Very truly yours,
Charles E. Mather

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

In his article "War and America," November, Ralph S. Meadowcroft calls America to world leadership. Isn't this the same sort of reasoning which produced Alexander the Great, Caesar, Philip II of Spain, Napoleon and Hitler?

Yours truly
George Willing

Exactly the same, no doubt, but none of these men knew what to do with it. Leadership to them meant conquest, tribute and destruction. Is it America's destiny to assume such a role—what will we do with it? Will it be the grasping, selfish domination of the past, or the kind of leadership given by the doctors and the preacher?

Sorry!

East Hanover, N. J.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

It may have been called to your attention since the November issue came out that the location for one of the churches shown is not Montville, N. Y. but Montville, N. J.

R. H. M. Augustine

Battle Creek Michigan

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Page seven, December issue, has the Hessians coming up Bunker Hill. Should your writer brush up on his history?

M. E. Tabler

Montville, N. J. is right, and *Montclair* confesses with great chagrin that there were no Hessians at Bunker Hill. Evidently G. W. T., who usually waiting to pounce on our didn't think these errors worthy of his attention.

(Continued from page 61)

first reference Jesus made to the benefits that mankind would derive from His death. The expression is literally "a ransom instead of many." "This is an important doctrinal passage showing the importance which Jesus attached to His own death. (One-Volume Commentary.)

JANUARY 28

Jesus Dramatically Proclaims His Messiahship

MATT. 21:1-16

WE HAVE reached that point in the life of our Master where we count time by days and hours. Matthew devotes eight chapters to the events of eight days, constituting what is often called "the Messianic crisis." In all of this eighty-day period the divine nature of Jesus is emphasized. He is now the Son of David, the very Messiah. From the time of the triumphal entry until the last comment on the resurrection Matthew presents Him as the Son of God.

A Dramatic Entry. Having purposely restrained His followers during the period of His regular ministry, Jesus now recognized the fact that some definite, impressive, widespread announcement of Himself as the Messiah must be made. Even with the knowledge that this Messianic claim in Jerusalem could mean but one thing, He steadfastly went forward. He must be more than a good man; He must be a King! He can not remain as a healer and prophet; He must be acclaimed as the Christ of God!

Garments and Hosannas. The whole point of that part of the narrative which describes the actions of the multitude is that Jesus was acclaimed, and allowed Himself to be acclaimed, as the Messiah. Up to the time when He had started on His last journey little was said about this great function. Now, as He could see the coming end, it was necessary that all people should know about it. After His death it would be too late to bring out the uniqueness of that death.

It is this very point which many persons miss today when they fall short of accepting the Saviourhood of Jesus. It is not as a good man or a marvelous teacher that Jesus has moved the world for centuries; it is as the Saviour of the race, the Messiah promised of old, the Redeemer from sin that He has prevailed.

The example of the disciples in placing their upper garments on the beast while others carpeted the ground where the beast should walk gives ample testimony to the enthusiasm of the crowd. Their shouts of "Hosanna to the Son of David" and "Blessed is He that cometh" are both direct Messianic references. The ecstasies of the multitude were based on a hope of salvation of a far different kind from that which Jesus saw. They viewed a crown and an almighty king. He saw a cross and a tomb.

Blessing and Cursing. One cannot fail to note the close intermingling of good and bad in verses 14 and 15. The stern reformer who drove the racketeers from the temple suddenly is shown to be the tender-hearted and healing physician. And while the songs of the children gave praise to the King the comments of the self-righteous autocrats showed their indignation.

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shall be two days and two nights on the train and there are no dining cars. Cannot take more than ten pounds each out of England. Must spend the third night at Lisbon. Airplane leaves for Azores 8:30 A.M.

So much I remembered. When Mr. Boulton finished I asked, "Did you find out how much luggage we could take?"

"I think each may take thirty pounds," he replied.

Once more I rushed to find Penn. "You can carry only thirty pounds in clothes," I told her.

"One suit case! It's impossible! It's hopeless! What do they think we are?" She looked despairingly at her full clothes cupboard. "And as for vaccination—You know, I'm not going *now* and be vaccinated just to please some scrubby frontier Fascist—" She halted and then grinned. "Gosh!" she said. "What an adventure!"

I nodded. "And you can send your trunk off tomorrow via ocean freight."

"And if the magnetic mines don't get it—" said Penn.

"No! No!" I assured her. "Safe as houses!" Then we both grinned.

And so we start our journey.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Stopped in Time—

Father: "Now, aren't you glad you prayed for a little sister?"

Small boy (after viewing twin sisters): "We-ell, yes, Daddy, but aren't you glad I stopped when I did?"

—Exchange.

Oh!

"When were the so-called Dark Ages?"

"During the days of the knights."

—Exchange.

Moral—Don't Argue

When the average man argues with a woman, the final result usually is: "He came, he saw, he concurred."

—Exchange.

Buy-buyl

"How come you don't like the girls?"

"Oh, they're too biased."

"Biased?"

"Yes, biased. It's bias this and bias that till I'm broke."

—Chicago Daily News.

Usually the Case

Smith: "So your son is in college? How is he making it?"

Smithers: "He isn't. I'm making it and he's spending it."

—Kablegrams.

Ye Rocks, Ye Stones

A worthy missionary in India had the hymn "Rock of Ages" translated into Hindustani. On retranslation into English by a student, the first two lines bore this inspiring and illuminating aspect:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit, Let me absent myself under your fragments."

Lucky Escape

Frederic F. Van de Water, author of "Fathers Are Funny," recently was summoned for jury duty from his home in Vermont and discovered in that ordeal a new use for fathers. "I was called myself, few years back," a sympathetic neighbor told Van de Water. "Thought they had me, for sure, but by a stroke of good luck, I was 'scused. Pa—he lives with me—come daown with pneumonia."

—John Day Book News.

Unanimous

When the term of the old Negro preacher had expired, he arose and said:

"Bredden, de time am heah fo' de re-

election ob yo' pastoh for anudder yeah. All dose faborin' me fo' you' pastoh will please say 'Aye!'"

The preacher had made himself rather unpopular and there was no response.

"Ha," he said, "silence gibs consent. I'se yo' pastoh fo' anudder yeah."

—Exchange.

Ethnological Item

Professor: "Here you see the skull of a chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There are only two in the country—one is in the national museum and I have the other."

—Kablegrams.

We're So Proud of Him

Lady (to her partner): "Have you any prominent men in your family, Mr. Dunleigh?"

Mr. D.: "Yes, one of my forefathers was an admiral. At one time he led the world's combined fleet."

Lady: "How interesting! What was his name?"

Mr. D.: "Noah."

—Santa Fe Magazine.

Wrong Diagnosis

Kind Old Gentleman: "What is your little brother's name?"

Buddy: "His name would be Jack if he was my brother, but he ain't and her name is Ruth."

—Exchange.

New Gag

Playfoot: You look fed up, Mr. Whifflebotham.

Whifflebotham: Yes, I've had a trying day. That office boy of mine came to me with the old gag about getting off for his grandmother's funeral, so just to teach him a lesson I said I'd accompany him.

Playfoot: Not a bad idea; but wasn't it an exciting football game?

Whifflebotham: No, it was his grandmother's funeral.

—Pathfinder.

Keep Single!

A young man who wished to get married wrote to his father asking his advice. He received the following reply:

"My dear Son: Your mother and I would like to see you happily married. She tells me to point out the many advantages—cozy fireside, chair, slippers, pipe, and so on, with your darling wife sitting beside you. I am proud to know, my boy, that you have decided to settle down at last.

"P.S.: Your mother has just left the room. Keep single, you idiot.—Father."